

Special Features This Issue
"Apalachicola Antique & Classic Boat Show"
"Fiddler's Green Across the Atlantic"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 5

July 15, 2003



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In This Issue...

Continuing our new experiment started in the July 1 issue of bringing you a table of contents for this issue instead of wild promises about coming attractions, herewith we present...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 The Joys of Nature
- 4 You Write to Us About...
- 6 Window on the Water
- 7 The Apalachicola Antique & Classic Boat Show
- 10 Rescue Minor...the Technical Stuff
- 12 *Fiddler's Green* Across the Atlantic
- 18 Who Expected This in Sunny Florida?
- 20 Bermuda Maritime Museum
- 21 Spring Break Workshop
- 22 Rowing Efficiency Testing
- 23 Engineers as Boat Designers
- 24 Reintroducing an American Classic
- 27 Bolger on Design
- 30 Dreamboats
- 37 Classified Marketplace

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

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This year I am indulging in a brief return to my old motorcycling days, becoming involved in a reunion with a number of people with whom I shared some major adventures back in the early 1970s. In the course of re-establishing contact with many who knew me well back then as the guy who published their favorite motorcycle sport magazines, inevitably the topic comes up, "So, what are you doing these days?"

So I tell them that I am now publishing a small magazine about boats. "Oh, really?" I can see they have no idea of what I am really doing, how to explain? I experienced this same conundrum during my motorcycling magazine days when I announced to those not involved in that sport that I published small magazines about the sport of motorcycling. Stereotypical visions came to their minds just as they do about my current efforts.

Back then the stereotype was that of the wild and crazy biker, on the road or off, generally making himself a nuisance, if not a downright danger, to the public. About like the PWC operator of today achieves in the boating world. They had some trouble relating this rather ordinary, apparently law abiding and reasonably behaving, person before them to that image.

The stereotype I seem to have become today to those who shared my former "wild and crazy biker" days is that of someone driving off over the water in some sort of motorboat. A mystery seems to be created by my announcement, how could old Bob, always ready to ride, just drop out of this great game to go off pottering about in a boat. Where's the source of undying enthusiasm in doing that?

When I endeavor to further clarify what I do by explaining that, no, I am not into motorboating, that rather I am mainly focused on human and wind powered boating, and mostly those of smallish size, the mystery enlarges. Bob, the motorhead of old, actually happy now struggling along over the featureless and obviously uninteresting surface of

the sea or lake under oar or paddle, or sitting about awaiting the breeze to blow.

The mention of sailing conjures up right away the "yachtie" image, further compounding the mystery, as I never was known as someone having sufficient disposable income to play that costly game. If I really feel I want to impress whoever it is I am having this conversation with about the real world of messing about in boats, I find it takes a while. When I have finished, they kinda get it and acknowledge that maybe I have found myself a suitable niche in which to grow old, but I can still see that they remain somehow unconvinced.

Surely most of you have had this experience, trying to explain your own personal obsession with this obscure way of indulging in boating so far from the mainstream image of gassing it in a big motorboat or sailing off with the yachties. Why we do what we do is not easy to explain. How we become so enthused about it, if not downright obsessive, is a mystery to those unfortunate enough to not have similar absorbing interests of their own.

For this we all should be thankful, it does not matter if we persuade others that we are indeed totally absorbed in a fascinating activity with endless permutations in how it can be played. It is sufficient to be satisfied with our own lot, and perhaps a bit smug in viewing those who have no such enthusiasms in their lives, that there, but for the grace of messing about in boats, go I.

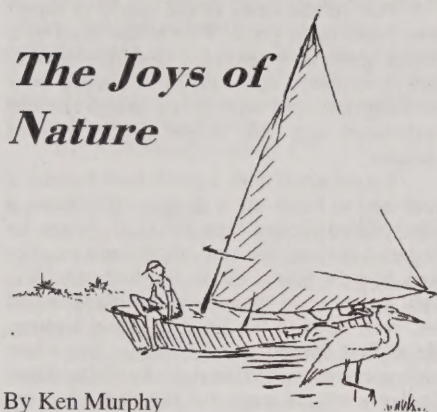
Harking back to my opening remarks, once I have dealt with explaining what I do today, all is again well with the world when my old acquaintances find out that I am not only involved with organizing their reunion but will be joining them on the reunion ride, a 75-mile off-road ride on the bikes we rode in those days. Yes, I have acquired a 1971 off-road bike like one I rode at the time and yes, I can still ride it. But, I have to ride much slower now I find, things happen much faster than they seemed to 30 years ago.

On the Cover...

Back in 1977 Reinhard Zollitsch, who usually regales us with tales of long distance canoeing adventures, had occasion to cross the Atlantic in a 45' traditional Maine built wooden schooner and recalls that adventure for us in this issue in "*Fiddler's Green* Across the Atlantic."

The Joys of Nature

By Ken Murphy



Sea Nettle

A special type of jellyfish invades the Chesapeake Bay during the summer months. These globular creatures have pulsing gelatinous caps and trail long tentacles that are used to capture and immobilize their prey. These are the infamous sea nettles, *Chrysaora quinquecirrha*.

For a guy who loves to swim off his boat in the warm Chesapeake waters, these babies can ruin his whole day. They are armed with dozens of tentacles with rows of stinging cells, each having a tensioned barb. So when you contact a tentacle, these barbs thrust out and venom is released.

For most people a sea nettle sting results in a minor skin irritation, but for a few it becomes a major concern requiring a doctor's care. A common prescription is to apply 70% isopropyl alcohol solution to disable the stinging cells or baby powder to dry them. You must remove the tentacles that remain and then apply household vinegar. Meat tenderizer will help to break down the protein of the stinger toxin.

The Chesapeake Bay is an ideal home for these pesky creatures. Scientists have developed a prediction model for the likelihood of encountering sea nettles in the Bay. The model uses salinity and water temperature as the major input variables. Apparently the nettle loves water temperatures between 79

and 86 degrees Fahrenheit. Now, how come this temperature range is identical to my own ideal swimming range?

The salinity range to keep these guys happy is between 10 and 20 ppt. Since sea water is between 25 and 30 ppt, it must be diluted with about an equal part of fresh water to get into the ideal range. The Chesapeake drainage has many rivers and streams that do a great dilution job. The middle Bay region generally attains the required 10 to 20 ppt during the wet spring, while the dryer summers extend the ideal range into the upper Bay.

A collaborative group of scientists developed the prediction model and found ways to automate the data collection. This nettle mapping project involves scientists from the University of Maryland Center for Environmental Science, the Virginia Institute of Marine Science at College of William and Mary, and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. The result is a near real time nettle encounter probability map. You can check it out at: <http://coastwatch.noaa.gov/seanettles/>.

If you love to swim, the map is a big help. Going toward the headwaters of any of the rivers or streams where the salinity drops below 10 ppt is the trick. The map doesn't show those secret little stream fed coves that are also nettle free.

Adult sea nettles spawn in late summer. Males release sperm into the water and females are fertilized by the water they pump through their bodies. They die after spawning, which accounts for the abrupt decline in adult numbers at the end of summer. The female releases larvae known as *planulae*. These float in the biological soup of the Bay waters, being eaten by other creatures including other sea nettles. After floating around for a few days, the larvae locate a hard surface and glue themselves to it. Anything hard and above the sand or mud will do: rocks, cans, bottles, oyster shells, or dock pilings. Once attached, they transform into flower shaped *polyps*. In the spring, as temperatures rise, the polyps once again change shape. They become a series of stacked discs called *strobila*. Each stacked disc breaks off to become tiny *ephyra*. These microscopic sea nettles float in small streams and creeks during April and May. As they grow, they move into the larger tributaries and out into the Bay itself, becoming adult nettles. Then the cycle repeats.

There's not much joy when considering the sea nettle, but there is the fascination about their incredible reproductive and transmuting life cycle. Another positive aspect is they eat tons of comb jellies, another jellyfish of the Bay that are known to eat oyster larvae in large quantities. This means that the sea nettle is helping with the comeback for the Bay's endangered oyster population. So they're not all bad.

Please send me your contributions to this column to kgmurphy@comcast.net. The following contribution was recently received.

Bird Brain

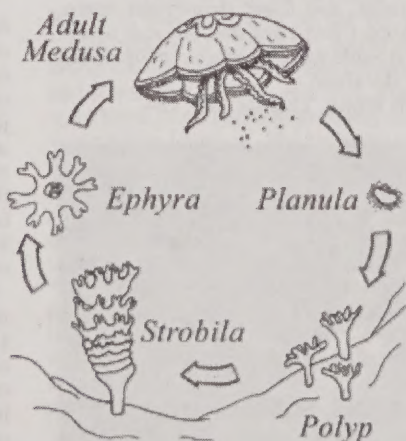
By Wally Foster

I had a beautiful berry bearing hawthorn tree in my back yard. Good to look at, but a threat when mowing. Its 1/2", needle sharp thorns were always a menace and I would seldom escape from them sticker free. I really liked the hawthorn, tall, well-shaped, and home to many birds, particularly mourning doves, which I regularly monitored from my large picture window with my always handy binoculars. With all the hawks that patrolled our valley having strong appetites for the tasty doves, I realized that my hawthorn was a safe haven for them. Also, I was a long time in learning that the soft whirring noise I heard when the mourning doves took flight was not a call, but a noise of the feathers as they propelled the bird into its characteristic swift flight.

As the years went by, the hawthorn thorns finally became such a nuisance that when an opportunity offered itself, I had that stately tree cut down and removed. But almost immediately I became aware that the purge of my adversary hawthorn had an unexpected consequence, an event which is the reason for this story.

Sitting in my comfy seat and looking out through my large picture window with glasses at hand, I saw one of "my" mourning doves fly directly to the spot where the tree had been. As always, the bird hovered momentarily, then lowered its landing gear as if to land on a nearby branch, then, failing to grasp the branch that no longer was there, it continued to hover and flap as if it were a kite struggling for a breeze. After many seconds of stationary hovering, the dove flew around in a circle to make a second attempt to land. The scene repeated itself as the dove hovered again for several seconds. I couldn't help myself, I was laughing so hard that my wife had to come and witness the same scene that was amusing to me. Her reaction was more compassionate. "Oh the poor thing," she mourned. That the same scene continued to be repeated over the next several days had me scratching my conscience stricken head, should I have reconsidered my urge to purge, the urge deriving from my often repeated sticking by those menacing thorns.

It really wasn't too long after the defanging incident that "my" dove found another home in a nearby tree and, so far as I know, lived happily ever after. As for me as I continued my struggle of whether to laugh or cry, an epithet flashed across my mind: BIRD BRAIN; hmmm, dove or me?



You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

21st Annual Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival

Over 40 vintage sailboats and motor yachts are expected to be on display at the 21st Annual Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival at Hawthorne Cove Marina in Salem, Massachusetts, over the August 16-17 weekend. Other Festival highlights over the weekend include a nautical crafts market, the Blessing of the Fleet, and Grand Parade of Boats in Salem Harbor. The event is the culmination of the City of Salem's annual week-long Heritage Days.

Salem is an appropriate site, as the country's first seagoing pleasure yacht, *Cleopatra's Barge*, was launched here with great pomp and fanfare in 1916. Her proud, eccentric owner, George Crowninshield, put his lavishly gilded lady on display to the citizenry and boasted that 1800 ladies and 700 gentlemen visited her in the course of one day.

Seraffyn Of Victoria, the famous wooden cutter that Larry and Lin Pardey sailed around the world without power, will be one of the featured vessels on display. She made headlines and her feats have been chronicled in books and articles. She is being brought to the Festival by her current owner, George Dow of Marshfield, Massachusetts.

The purpose of the Festival is to encourage owners of the fast disappearing antique and classic craft to keep up their boats. This is important as their vessels are our maritime heritage. If they don't bother, we lose it! Owners of classic craft are encouraged to call (617) 666-8530 for further information.

Pat Wells, Somerville, MA

Public Access Rowing at Pier 40 with Floating the Apple

Public rowing opportunity in Manhattan is offered at Floating the Apple's West Village Community Boathouse, NYC Pier 40, Houston Street and West Side Highway, halfway out the south walkway of the pier. Rowing is open to all, but some physical dexterity is required.

The focus of the rowing program is teamwork and recreation in a safe and respectful environment. Individuals must work together as a team to navigate their boat on the water. All participants sign waivers, and young people under 18 must have a parent's or guardian's signature as well.

The 25' Whitehall Gigs are based on a traditional New York Harbor design and are built by Floating the Apple volunteers and NYC school students. Each wooden boat seats four rowers and a coxswain. The boats have two sealed bulkheads and below deck flotation for maximum buoyancy. Life jackets are provided.

Floating the Apple, Inc., a New York City based organization, works to restore safe, universal access onto the area's largest open space, its waterways, and to reintroduce the public, especially young people, to rowing, sailing, and boat building on New York's rivers. Vital support for youth programs has been received from the Hudson River Foundation,

NYC Environmental Fund, and others, and our host at Pier 40 is the Pier Park & Playground Association.

We encourage people to participate in Floating the Apple's activities, including the repair and maintenance of boats and equipment. While no commitment is required, please understand that the facilities, boats, and gear are only available because of the effort of volunteers and require upkeep and care. Your participation at this end, and also your monetary contributions, are necessary and vital to the health of the organization.

Contact: Floating the Apple, Inc. (212) 564-5412 or www.floatingtheapple.org for weekend and special events calendar, boat building, and other rowing programs. For Pier 40 rowing contact: Phil Yee (917) 929-3670, or just come down to Pier 40 at West Houston Street and the Hudson River.

Floating the Apple, New York, NY

Adventures & Experiences...

Outfoxed

Damned if I didn't outfox myself. While I was watching Jim Thayer's Kokopelli video, I saw him throw the wine box on the fire and salute the situation at the end, and then there was a bright flash of light and the tube went blank. I thought that was all there was to it, so I sent the tape to my son. About a week later, here he comes with, "What did you think of those steam boats on the Kokopelli tape?" "What steamboats?"

Anyway, it turns out that the darn TV had blown up right after the wine box. Fortunately the VCR was still some good so all I had to do was buy another old TV at the bait store/pawn shop. Heavy old son of a bitch about gave me a hernia, so I decided to sit it down out in the yard and go get the VCR and watch the steamboats. Then it came up a shower of rain and I had to grab the VCR and run back in the house, and then I had to do something else, and the old damned TV is still out there.

I ain't got but \$10 in the darn thing and it gets much better reception out there than the other one did in the house under this tin roof. Rain don't seem to hurt it none, so I believe I'll leave it right there to watch the weather radar...and those steamboats again. Dang, I hope I don't get that old itch again. The only trouble with the whole set up is that that ain't my chair.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA



Caveat Emptor

Not all the news in the world of small boat building is good. This is the story of a rotten apple now removed from the basket, how computers can foul up a simple boat building job, and how doing things the old fashioned way just might be better and cheaper.

I contracted with a small boat builder a year ago to build me a Bolger 492 Slicer, a plywood stitch and tape 29' skiff. When he began, I noticed the stations did not exactly look like the plans. Close, but had considerably more arc in them than the plans called for, well beyond the limit of panel torture. He at first denied any difference, but when measurement proved me right, he claimed that Bolger's offsets were not fair and his computer had faired the lines. The computer gave him a disc to program his CNC table to save time and skip the hand lofting and hand cutting process. As this was panel construction, you can imagine what happened then.

You put a square boat in a round machine and it comes out round. Failing to obtain spherical bends in whole sheets of BS1088 3/8" meranti that his program put in Bolger's plans, he slashed the panels with his table saw with outside kerfs about 1" apart parallel until he could at least get sufficient bends in one direction. And if that wasn't enough, his CNC cut the panels out small on a programming snafu, and for good measure he glued them up backwards on the hull.

In other words, a total and laughable mess. I politely demanded my money back but he forced me to take him to court where recently, nine months later, I demolished him in a three-hour trial in his home town.

The lesson is you can't change lines when you build boats for customers, and you don't charge customers for your learning curve on fancy software. The real lesson is that there are too many folks out there with a shop and a shingle who did not come up in the trade but think they did.

This is one would-be builder who may try to finish what is left of his apprentice level debacle with all those panel gaps and slashes in order to make good what he's now paid me back and more. Caveat emptor.

Edward Wright Haile, Champlain, VA

Information of Interest...

Trailer Lights

I've been following the trailer talk in *MAIB*. It seems to me that trailers are probably here to stay, given the dramatic increases in waterfront property values. Local tax assessors haven't felt the need to "create more jobs" by cutting waterfront taxes, and at lakes around our area people of modest means with modest cottages have been hit right along with the millionaire next door. Even if someone is lucky enough to get established in some lovely spot, holding onto it becomes another matter.

But I've strayed from the purpose of this note, which is to let readers know that the LED trailer lights mentioned in Jim Thayer's article have in fact "shown up." We've tried them on a limited basis and so far, so good, but the jury is still out on whether the extra cost is justified by increased dependability. Our local auto parts wanted \$80 each for the

oval turn and running combo. We were able to find them at a trailer place for about a third of that, but still at least twice the price of the ordinary ones which seem to need constant attention. If trailer lights truly worked all the time, boaters would have to go out and shop for some other frustration.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

Review Correction

In my recent May 1 issue review of the video, *Steambending for Woodworkers*, there is a minor misprint where the thickness of wood is discussed. Scratch the 3", the corrected text should read:

"Recommended duration of steaming is 1 hour per 3/4" thickness." I don't want readers to think I hadn't tried my hand at steam bending.

John Hawkinson, Easton, MD

Information Needed...

Tinkler Bell Plans?

Does anybody know where I can find plans for a plywood cabin version of Robert Manry's Old Town Whitecap, *Tinker Bell*. They may possibly have been published in *Popular Mechanics* or *National Fisherman*.

Lauren Katz, 650 Nassau St., Orange, NJ 07050

Opinions...

I Cannot Sit Idly By

I cannot sit idly by and not wade into the "plywood phooey" controversy. One soul wrote last issue that ten years was a good life for a plywood boat. In my experience, this seriously undervalues these worthy craft.

I exchange letters with Robb White and I hang on every reply. Perhaps if I, too, were a Renaissance Man and had Robb's skills from outboard mechanic to production wood-working to osmonic epoxy application, I would not be so upset at his damning plywood.

My first boat was a Haggerty Seashell kit for \$25 with oars. I built this in 1954 with help from the foreman at Alcott (builders of plywood Sunfish and Sailfish). The parts that failed were the keel (white oak), bow (3/4" plywood), and gunnels (3/4" pine). I have renewed these parts as they failed, repainted as necessary over the last 49 years, and the boat is still in service.

My second boat was *Dragonfire*, a Thunderbird sloop whose design was commissioned by the Douglas Fir Plywood Association. This boat was built by a display carpenter at Kodak in Rochester, New York, in 1964 and I was the third owner when I bought it in 1978. The interior of the boat had been treated with cuprinol as the bilges had a green cast. I raced the boat on the Finger Lakes and Lake Ontario. In 1981, we trailered it to Toronto and participated in the T bird worlds with my sons and niece. We finished in the middle of the fleet. The only problem I had with this boat was at the cockpit corners where the solid mahogany dry rotted.

The boat broke loose in the fall of 1982, fetched up on some rip rap, and ground a small hole in the side which resulted in the

boat sinking next to the dock when it was retrieved. A boat builder of the old school repaired it for me by peeling off all the damaged veneers and replacing them layer by layer using Weldwood plastic resin glue. He didn't trust epoxy and returned the gallon kit I gave him.

We continued to race and sail this T bird until 1992 when I sold it to my son Curt and delivered it to Cranston, Rhode Island. Curt had Paul Grimes (noted Bristol boat guru) fair the bottom and keel and he bought some new sails. In the five years he owned the boat, he placed third, second, and first twice in the NBYRA championships.

Curt traded *Dragonfire* for a restored Rhodes 19 as he wanted to race one design and have a boat that was smaller and easier to care for. I cried, because *Dragonfire* was a wonderful boat to sail.

The new owner is a master craftsman and has rebuilt a whole new interior and restored the boat to 1964 condition. It is now painted blue and is called *Wonderly*. No plywood on the hull needed replacing, not bad for a boat 39 years old.

The boat once again has a 128-lb. Douglas fir mast. My son had acquired an aluminum mast that improved the pitching tremendously. If sailed in class sanctioned one design races, he would have had to have weights added to bring the CG to the required point.

With such extensive experience with plywood boats in the 30-50 year age bracket, it is not surprising that I elected to build a plywood cruiser designed by Phil Bolger. The boat was started in March 1989 and was 60% complete that year. We laid off in 1990, then really dug in and launched on 8/21/91.

We used a 1/2" marine grade Douglas fir plywood for the hull and decks. The bulkheads, cabin top, and houses were each A B grade. The boat was sealed during construction with three coats WESTTM epoxy and finished with 6-oz. epoxy set fiberglass on all exterior surfaces. The interior was covered with vertical grain laminate and varnished ash trim. So far there has been no indication of any plywood failures on the craft.

The only wood failure was the front window frames. The ash paneled exterior doors have been trying and I will probably do something different soon. The laminated safety glass is delaminating like an old auto window.

The boat has had paint problems since day one, but I think it is finally okay. A topic for another day.

I feel that a very serviceable, long lasting boat was available to me because we could build a 32', 5000-lb., trailerable, plywood cruiser in a reasonable period of time and it will last as long as I will. The boat is not a work of art and will probably have little value when I cash in. My heirs are not waiting on the proceeds of my fleet to land on easy street.

I would do it again and work around the quality problem with today's plywood. I have some AC scraps from a dock I built in 1970 which appear to have very few voids. They produce some very good pieces after being in the weather year round for 25 years with no preservatives at all. The dock itself finally failed at the fastenings. I don't feel that 2003 plywood would last like that.

Joseph W. Spalding, 110 East Lake Rd., Skaneateles, NY 13152, (315) 685-6037

Projects...

Creating Victoria

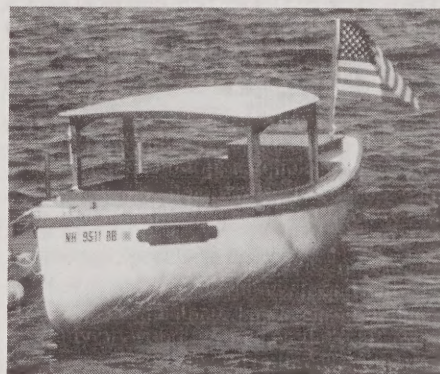
Victoria is a 20' Victorian fantail launch built with modern building materials and using a Honda 9.9hp 4-stroke for propulsion.

During the summer of 2002, I watched a wooden Chris Craft roar by my waterfront residence on Canobie Lake in Salem, New Hampshire. Such beauty inspired me to sell my pontoon boat and start to construct a Victorian launch. My past experience as a retired engineer and wood carver would prove very useful to this adventure.

After comparing Beckmen of Rhode Island and Elliot Bay, I purchased a bare hull from Elco of New York. Next I built a scale floating model to determine the position of the outboard well. Using my drawings, I had the hull manufacturer install my home constructed outboard well.

The modified hull was then trailered from Fusion Marine, Middletown, Rhode Island, to my garage in late December. The hull was then leveled to the water line. The sole supports were positioned using a rotating laser level. Mahogany was used for bulkheads, seats and all trim. Decks and canopy surfaces were constructed with glass covered marine plywood. All trim was varnished with bronze hardware. My wife, Joyce, named the launch *Victoria*.

John Ruggerio, Salem, NH



Calendar... Just the Basics

To help inform you of what's happening on the water this season, I'm going to try this abbreviated listing from issue to issue of events which I receive publicity about. Listings will appear in the month preceding the events. There is no room for any details, call or e-mail those which interest you.

August 8-10: Thompson Antique & Classic Boat Rally, Marinette, WI (612) 823-3990

August 16-17: The Classic Boat Show, Tuckerton Seaport, Tuckerton, NJ (609) 296-8868

August 16-17: 28th Annual Bob Speltz Land-O-Lakes Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous, Red Wing, MN (877) 636-3111

August 16-17: Boston Antique & Classic Boat Festival, Salem, MA (617) 666-8530

She was a sadly neglected wallflower, sitting last in line among the better-dressed ladies. Her mousy gray exterior wasn't helped by the interior pallor of Pittsburgh Paint Yellow #375 which had been stretched and extended by adding a bit of the gray exterior color to cover most of the floors and strakes. Where the paint hadn't covered the wretched planking, a film of fish scales and dried nightcrawlers had held the elements at bay.

The old rowboat was always available to the children strong enough to row her out on the millpond for a few hours' adventure. No serious family outing would consider her as worthy transportation. The weekenders coming out from the surrounding urban areas for a quiet Sunday were more discerning and hygienically inclined. Six other rowboats were in constant use, rotated on an hourly basis. The pond from an adult's perspective was a dimple on the landscape filled with tannic water and miserable weeds in the late summer. To a child it was a microcosm of every pirate and Northwoods voyager tale you'd ever been read.

The old man who lived on the "island," a piney knob of land connected to the shore by an eroding esker, rented boats to fishermen and families looking to experience the country. His name escapes me now, in another 30 years I'll be able to recall it as well as the abrupt conversations he'd grudgingly share with us. What was a magnet for us as local kids was the water and a way to get out on it. The boys would let me help build and launch the pine and cedar log rafts until they reached the "allergic stage," around 13 years old. That year I was crushed to be told by everyone "girls can't do that."

I am blessed with a mother who never believed that a "girl can't do anything a boy can do" as far as the outdoors world went. A Girl Scout leader and sharpshooting medal-



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Row Your Boat

Part I: First Loves

list from her youth, she also loved to mess about. Being a full time RN left little time for fun on the pond. But she'd always take us to the local swimming pond and read and relax while we foraged about. The summer I was suddenly excluded from the raft building business, she took me to the millpond and rented the old boat. I was charmed by the name crudely painted on the transom. I imagined us as a mother and child frog family. Out to catch dinner and explore the Northwest Passage. I baited the hook and put the line over as she rowed quietly up to the west end of the pond. I was getting discouraged, having to untangle the line and bobber from pickleweeds, when she mentioned that "if you catch anything, you'll have to clean and eat it."

Our main foray into the fish for consumption was tuna in a can, the 4th of July salmon (with fresh peas), and a once-a-month hunk of haddock or cod Dad picked up on his way home from Boston. I can't recall ever having eaten a "pan fish" at that time. Thinking it'd be a superior tasting meal, I redoubled my efforts and by sheer luck landed a mid sized "punkinseed" perch. As most of you know, they aren't that wonderful. And there's not much to them once cleaned. Mom, being a good sport, showed me how to clean it, leaving the offal for the raccoons on shore and then cooling it at home until we had the fry pan ready and the cornmeal batter. I think I got four small bites out of it, and three of those were filled with fine bones.

Since I wasn't keen to go fishing again, Mom allowed me to row her the next time out and she read and talked about growing up in Wollaston and clamming on the beach there with her cousins. Once we'd established that I was safe in the boat, I was allowed to ride my bike down and rent it on my own.

My first day alone, I was so proud and nervous as the boys had completed this season's raft and were hanging about the shallows up to one end. The mothers had all demanded that the raft remain on a 100' tether of clothesline in case it sank or turned turtle so, despite their prowess, they never got to travel freely on the pond. Here I came "a girl," rowing along, a bit wobbly as by the time I'd made it up to the far reaches I'd developed blisters (never could stand gloves). It was an awful mixture of overblown pride and burning palms. Not being content to just sit and enjoy the water, I kept rowing about to explore every inch I could reach.

Like an overindulgence in ice cream or the first of the summer's strawberries, I plain out and out overdid it. The bike ride home was only bearable because I'd mastered the feat of riding "no hands." My paternal grandmother took one look at the raw and broken skin and used her remedy to clean everything. Plunging my hands into a basin of ammonia water, she then painted me with gentian violet and sat me on the porch with a glass of iced tea. It would be the last of my rowboat experiences for that summer.

Mom did take me out a few more times to use the waterscope she'd made me out of a bit of stove pipe and window glass taped onto the end with duct tape. We saw all sorts of critters below the surface before the tape let go the third time out.

Lilly remains a fond memory, heavy with a waterlogged hull, she served to liberate a land-grounded child, provide a platform for a maternal bonding, and science lessons. She drove home the lesson of pride going before the fall and opened a world of fantasy to anyone sitting within her "atmospheric" embrace.

A year later we summered in Goose Rocks Maine. I was allowed to row, lounge in, or drift along in a sleeker boat. She was a retired workboat and may have owed more to the Whitehall design than the common lines of Lilly. We lived a month on the tidal estuary at the far end of the beach. Because of the strong currents at either end of the tide, I was now the one on a tether. I was fortunate that the realtor was a boater and had a 250' length of line to attach me to the dock. There was a time or two I had to ship oars and just haul the boat and myself upstream hand over hand (wearing gloves this time), taking a wrap around the stem and resting now and then. Now this was real rowing! I got fairly proficient over the time we were there. I could maneuver along cross current, up or down stream, and dock on my own after the first week. I'd be content to be out there as soon as the sun was up and until the stars came out. Mom wasn't too thrilled with me being out after dark, so we compromised and I stayed within 50' of the dock after dark. The stars were the best seen from the bottom of the boat. The midges made it impossible to sleep overnight, and Mom wouldn't hear of it anyway.

It would take six more years and a trip to England be before I'd row a boat freely again, then another 30 years would pass before I'd feel the stretch of shoulder and back muscles as I rowed our own boats on home waters of Plum Island Sound, feeling ever so in tune to Ratty. I know there can't be anything at all "quite so wonderful as simply messing about."

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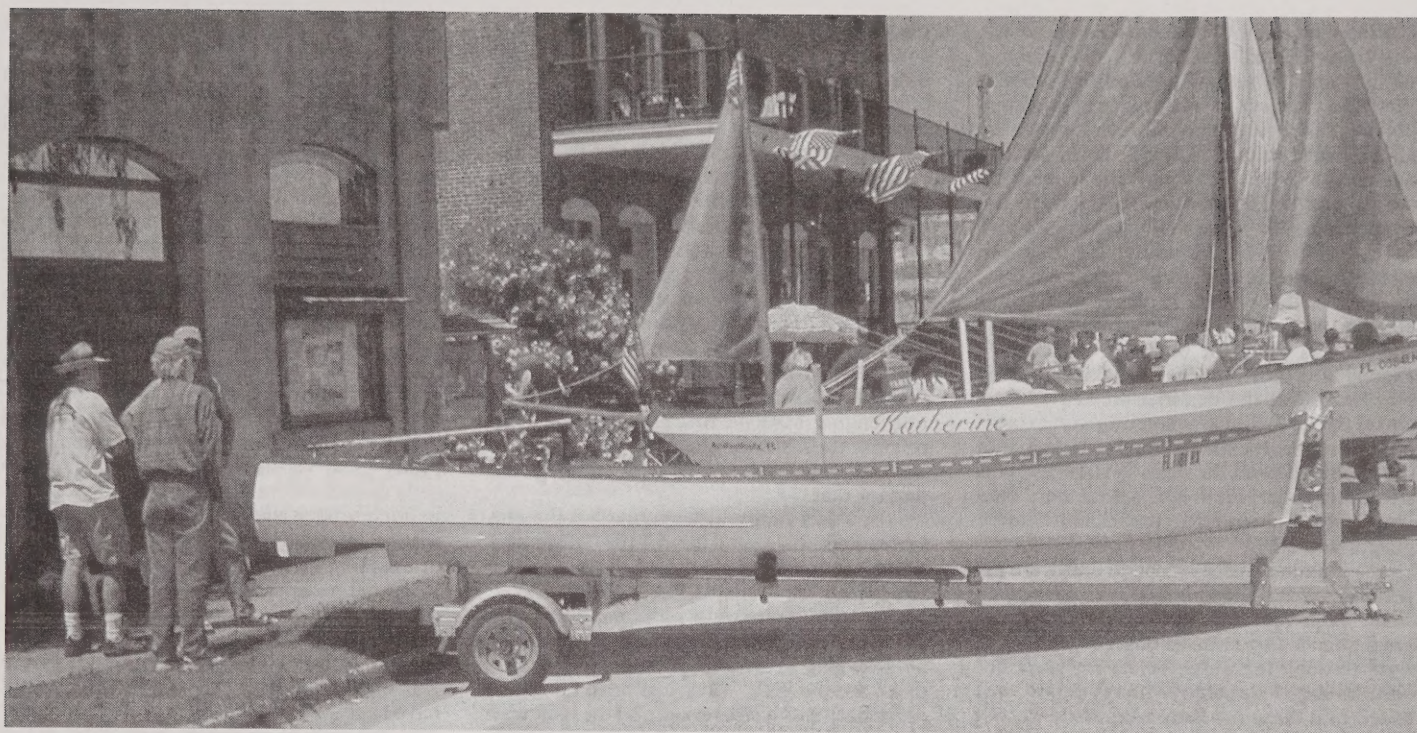
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Rescue Minor and messers at the show. Those are three messers standing around discussing a few odds and ends. That crazy looking one with the staw hat is me.

Well, once again we went to the little show. Though there were fewer boats, there were more people, and they started showing up as soon as we unhitched the Rescue Minor from the old Mercedes. These early arrivers did not fit the mold of the usual Florida tourist. A lot of them had big cameras alright, but they weren't eating while they walked which is a sure fire way to tell a Florida tourist, that and the fact that they do not frequent events before about 10:30 or so in the morning.

I unhitched the trailer, set the tongue down on the pavement, and scurried off to try to find a shady place to park the car. When I got back there was a discussion going on between three or four of the observers, and I sort of slid by to go see who all else was there with their exhibits. You know, when you stand around all day long with the same people year after year, you get to know them pretty good.

I found that my old buddy and his wife with the exquisite round sided gaff rigged sailing dory which has everything on it hand made (including the British Seagull from the looks of it) was there. She said that she wished I hadn't written that story about naked machining...said her husband didn't need any more encouragement.

There was the Catspaw with the 20-year-old original varnish job still as brand new as if it had never touched the water or seen the sun. My buddies, the father and son team with the old racing outboards and the immaculate Evinrude/Elto collection, were there and they had a real interesting hydroplane which I'll tell you about later.

While I was out roaming the streets Turner Matthews pulled in with his Atkin in-board launch *Ravenstrike* with the two-cylinder Honda air cooled engine hooked to the shaft with a Lovejoy coupling. While I was talking to him, I managed to eavesdrop on a little of the discussion that was going on with the Rescue Minor. I figured these people

The Apalachicola Antique and Classic Boat Show

Whereat Rescue Minor Makes Her Debut

By Robb White
Photos by Sam White

would be perplexed at such a strange rig. I had a little sheet of explanation, but I had left it in the car so I figured they would be just plain puzzled until I heard one man say, "Well, he sure did completely change the stern from Atkin's plans."

The other one said, "He said that he had lofted all the tunnel arrangement and the box keel but it is obvious that he changed the tunnel so that the top of the concavity is rounded instead of vee shaped."

"Yeah, he also said that he was running a 10/10 wheel on there but that propeller doesn't even have 8" pitch. I see his little push button propeller nut though. I wish he would get back here and pull that off so we can see if it really works."

"Yeah, he needs to take that engine box off, too, so we can see all that jacklegery under there. He is a pretty good writer but I'll be damned if I could understand how the belt drive transmission works or why he didn't just put a Hurth transmission on there and be done with it."

"Well, you know, he does everything strange. Probably made that rudder head while he was naked as a jaybird."

"Where the hell is he?"

"Might be hiding out in case some plywood enthusiasts were to show up."

"I don't even know what he looks like... probably be best just to watch for the craziest looking person here."

Well, the whole show was dominated by readers of this magazine. I finally got brave enough to talk to them and that's what I did for the rest of the day. They had come from everywhere. I forget who all I met, but there were a bunch of them. There were four from Texas, a slew of them from all around Florida, five from up around Atlanta, including the man who built the strip planked copy of the Grumman Sport Boat that I am copying right now...a wood copy of a wood copy of an aluminum boat...that has to be some kind of a first. He didn't bring his boat but he did have some pictures which made me mighty jealous because mine ain't finished yet, and here he was tooling it down the river with an old Evinrude five doing exactly like I hope mine will do.

There was one man who must have been an expert photographer because he kept waiting for changes in the light to get just right to suit him...all day long. He said that he had driven all the way from Wisconsin just to see the Rescue Minor. Dang, I wish I could remember his name or had his card or something. I have not got good photographic ability and it is an art. Not only that, but I got so involved with the discussions (the word plywood never came up...whew) that I forgot to take any pictures myself. I hope he'll send some in.

Another man handed me a thick folder of a complete CAD (computer assisted design) printout of the development of every one of the panels of the original Rescue Minor for stitch and glue plywood...or welded aluminum. He had researched every one of the Atkin tunnel boats and knew way more about them than I did.

Rescue Minor, to my notion, was not the ace of the place, though. As soon as we got unhitched, a man brought in a varnished ma

hogany Chris Craft barrel backed speedster. You know the one...Hacker designed...the real thing. I said to myself, "Yeah, leaks like a sieve and the last time the engine ran the man polished up inside the chrome tailpipe as far as he could reach." I tried to ignore the damned thing but he was right around the corner and the light was exactly right the whole time.

As soon as I got a lull in the discussion, I had to go take a look. I have never seen one of those boats before and all the pictures of them show them in the water so you can't see the bottom of the boat. I wanted to see exactly how they took the chines aft from the bow and what the deadrise looked like under the bow. I also wanted to see exactly how Chris Craft changed the stern deck into the tumblehome of the sides so slickly. It was a beautiful boat, I tell you. All the hardware was just so, perfectly correct...old timey gauges and all.

I examined the windshield hardware especially close. Those boats have just some small, exquisite, cast bronze brackets with the glass attached by bolts through bushed holes right through the glass. When my nose got close enough I was able (with my expert eye) to tell that those brackets were not cast, but fabricated...brazed up...not original Chris Craft at all. I became suspicious and trotted immediately around to the tailpipes...smut. "Damn," I said, "What the hell is this?"

Then I noticed some little skint places on the varnish job and, though the boat was clean as a whistle, there were a few little non immacularities here and there. Somebody had been running this boat. I finally, between bouts with the messers over next door, managed to find out about the facts. It was not a Chris Craft at all. It was not built in a factory where 30 or 40 men of the caliber of Leo Telesmanic worked with all the machinery and tools of Chris Craft's manufacturing experience. That boat was built by hand by a man from Tallahassee. He found the plans.

It was laid up cold molded with epoxy and the immaculate mahogany planking was just the last layer. There would be no leaks in that hull. That right there is what I have been trying to say all this time. The man works in the same building as my sister. He is just another man with a regular job. If you saw him in the deli you wouldn't be able to tell that his life wasn't mostly wrapped up with the intricacies of the internet and the television and spectator sports.

You would have no idea that, when the time came, he backed his rig down the ramp and climbed aboard his very own epoxy molded barrel backed speedster, the likes of which not a single other person in the state of Florida has or can buy no matter how firmly they are entrenched in the government/development liaison that has made so many people rich and such a mess of this state. Whoo, y'all, I'm glad I am back in my hiding place.

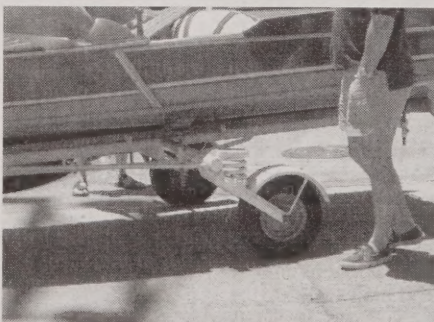
I almost forgot to tell you about the little inboard hydroplane. It wasn't much bigger than one of the littlest class of outboard race boats. I couldn't fail to notice that the nuts of the driver were only about an inch away from the completely unguarded shaft coupling. It had a little narrow looking four cylinder inboard engine in it that looked real familiar to me. I finally saw where it said "Crosley." When I was a boy, one of my uncles gave me a Crosley and I drove it all over our old home

place all the time. It was a good running little car...sort of funny looking. At least mine didn't have the ridiculous little propeller on the front, but I did put Sears garden tractor tires on the back.

I have always had an interest in the engine of those little cars. A Crosley was the first overhead camshaft engine I ever saw. The cam was driven by bevel gears directly off the front of the crankshaft. The cylinders and the head were cast all together and, to do a valve job on one, you had to unbolt the cylinders from the crankcase and let the pistons just flop. It was a wigglework marvel to get the pistons back in there one at the time if you only had one ring compressor. That same little engine drove the first Thermo King truck refrigeration units, and the old man who worked on them had four ring compressors just for that.

It was a funny little engine but the one in that hydroplane and in my little car weren't the real funny ones. The first Crosley engines were made of welded sheet metal and were so light that you could pick one up by the spark plugs. There was a whole pile of those all grown up in the bushes at this old surplus place around here. They had been taken off of military surplus generators by the man who ran the place when he melted the generator part for the copper. I wish I had got one or two to put in my junkpiles in case I ever got around to building an inboard hydroplane. A light motor is a good thing for such as that, but I bet some of these modern aluminum block engines are just as light. The folks at the boat show say that ain't too many engines will stay with a souped up Crosley running 9,000rpm on alcohol. I don't reckon so, but I would have to put a little guard on that coupling.

As the day wore on, I got to where I could tell newly arrived messers from the regular tourists who had begun to stroll around looking at the tee shirts and all. A tourist would look at the varnish job first and then skirt around the stern and examine the gold leaf job. Which there is a peculiarity about. It is customary with gold leaf to paint around the actual gold with black paint. The reason is that laying on the ultra thin leaves of pure



The trailer picture: Check that trailing arm suspension of that old timey trailer there Jim Thayer. It is all cast iron with grease fittings and all. I didn't write down the information but it was manufactured somewhere in Texas. I bet a trailer like that is fit for the roads of Mexico. That boat on there is an old Aristo Craft that looks sort of like a space ship. Their motto was, "Tomorrow's Boat Today". Up until a few years ago, Aristo Craft was the oldest boatbuilder in Georgia. Now, Robb White & Sons has outlasted them.

24 kt gold into sticky varnish is tricky, and it is impossible to get the edges exactly right.

When I went to see how the old man was coming he was waiting on the varnish sizing to get dry enough to paint the edging. I liked the primitive look of the ragged edge of the gold letters so well that I asked him if he would leave off the black. I said, "I know how particular you are about letting your work go out imperfect and I am that way myself but I certainly do like the way it looks right now so I am asking you to make an exception in this case and leave off the edging."

"I don't give a shit," he said, "I ain't going to give you back no money, though." Anyway, while the tourists were commenting on the imperfection of the lettering and brush marks in the varnish job (which is a pretty good varnish job, if I do say so myself) messers were diving between their legs to get a look at the imperfections of the bottom of the boat. That's how you tell a messer at this boat show. They'll give the topsides of a boat a cursory glance, but then they'll dive in the hole like an armadillo to see what's under the stern. I am glad I put the tongue of the trailer right down on the road so the stern was cocked up high like that or they might have bent the blades of my propeller with their skulls. As it was, there was a good bit of lint on the asphalt from where they wore out the knees of their britches crawling around under there...a few hairs and a little skin from the ones who were wearing shorts.

After I took the engine box off, the contrast in the observations of the two groups became even more apparent. "That's not big enough to be the motor is it?" one group wanted to know. Members of the other group observed, "I don't see where he is going to put that engine driven compressor he is talking about. He already has that diaphragm pump on the end of the camshaft and there is no room for another belt driven appliance. I guess he could put the exhaust water pump and the compressor in tandem and drive the pump off the other end of the crankshaft of the compressor but then the engine box wouldn't fit. What did he say the liftoff speed of that box was anyway? Thayer would have tied it down with a piece of second hand clothesline."

So, when the time came, we hooked up, said goodbye to everybody, and tied the engine box down with the secondhand clothesline and headed off across the causeway toward Carrabelle. It was sort of late and breezy when we got put in. I had found a little weedless propeller (9/6 LH very narrow, swept back blades) and bored it to fit the shaft and trued it up a little bit with the dial indicator by just bending the blades. My 10/10 propeller is just right to get the most out of the engine and the boat when running light, but I hate to load a brand new diesel engine so I decided to run this little thing for a while to see. This was the first time I had run it and damned if, right there in the mouth of the river, I didn't force the throttle too hard to make sure that I was running the engine wide open and pulled the Bowden wire out of the little spool where it attaches to the bellcrank up under the seat behind the air compressor, where I can't get to it.

I was able to wiggle work about a 1,500rpm idle and that's how we went to the island...just about motor whaleboat speed. The Rescue Minor reminded me very much

of the old whaleboat...sounded about the same. About the only difference was that it didn't try to roll us around like a wad of gum in a cheerleader's mouth and it didn't throw quite as much water. It was too late to catch a fish so we ate a lesser supper. I did get up in the middle of the night to see if I could catch a glimpse of that gold in the moonlight, but the moon had waned out so little that it was too dim. I caught it in the morning as soon as the sun came up above the trees, though.

When I got the throttle fixed, we made a trip all the way around the island just to see how the little propeller ran and it ran fine. It is way too little. The boat will only run 13.5 wide open but at least I know I am not lugging the engine and I never ran it that fast with the 23.5 knot wheel. I will send it off to my prop ace buddies down in Panama City (Marine Wheels, 2902 W. 12th St. P.C., FL 32401, 850-763-2889) and get it pitched up to 8" and a little cup tapped into the trailing edge. I estimate that it will push the boat about 15 or 16 like that and I'll run it all summer.

I have a world of a lot of junk to haul both ways including a new roof for the house over and the old roof back. I might get around to replacing all that plywood siding, too, but I won't have to haul it off the island. It is already compost. I will have to haul the new

longleaf pine siding over, though. I set up the cockpit of the Rescue Minor so it'll haul 16' lumber. I guess it ought to plane with 500 board feet. That sound like the job of a hot house flower to you?

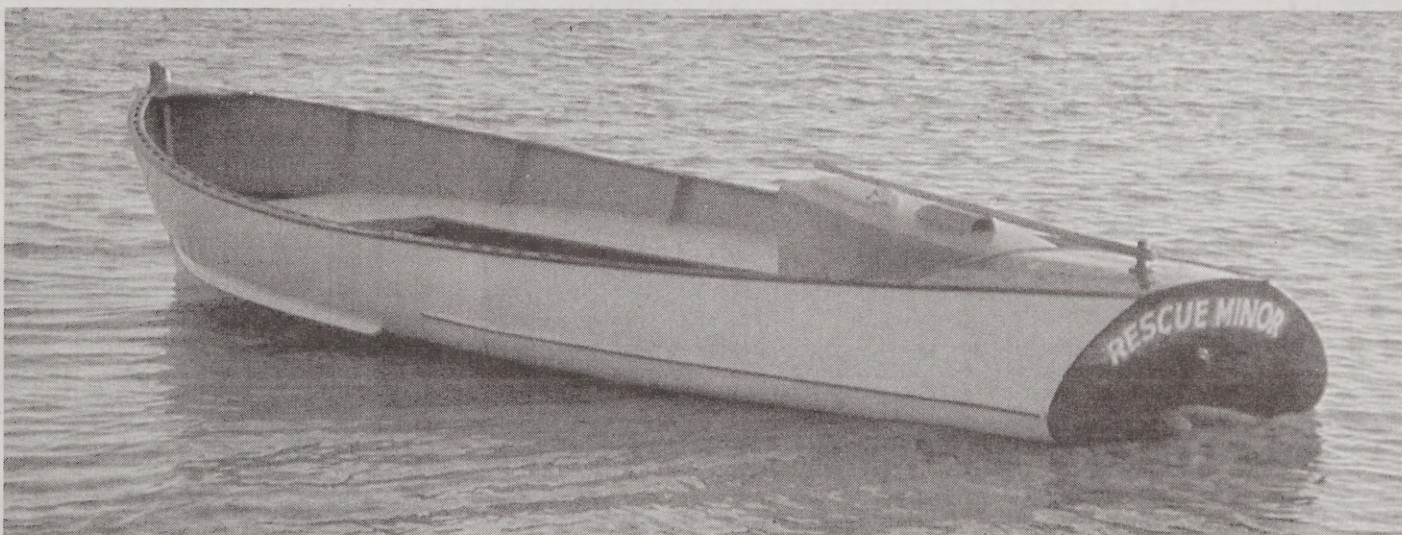
Without all the messers, the Apalachicola boat show would be dying out. There were a few tourists and I guess they had a good time but there weren't enough boats or other attractions...not enough folks selling foodstuffs for them to eat while they were walking around for one thing. It ain't that Apalachicola doesn't know how to put on a hot shot festival either. The Apalachicola Seafood Festival is such a big deal that the whole causeway is backed up all the way across the bay and so are all the port-o-lets.

I am afraid that local people just aren't all that interested in antique and classic boats. The boat manufacturers and dealers show at the Tallahassee Civic Center draws a big crowd of eager folks ready to buy big, tacky looking, overpowered, cheap made, plastic wake draggers (have I covered that description adequately). The old *Governor Stone* schooner which I donated so much of my time and money to keep going has even had to leave to go where the hopes are a little brighter. They couldn't get anybody to pay the ten bucks to take a ride on the old boat. I

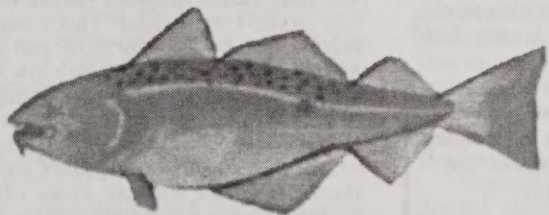
don't know what the hell ails Florida. It might be peer pressure from the preponderance of ninnies and nincompoops who crowd the malls, roads, and waterways. Maybe the presence of all these messers might influence the people into realizing they have been running with the wrong crowd. Maybe they might realize that it is possible to actually do something besides consume and spectate.

What I wish would happen, if the messers come back next year, would be that they would bring their boats. It wouldn't take anything fancy to show a person with a little remnant of sense a thing or two about a thing or two. But I am afraid that the local populace is too set in their ways and true messers and potential messers are too few and far between. Most people would take one look at a handmade boat and, as my mother's old flunky at the Red Cross used to say as his favorite answer to requests to perform almost any function, "I cain't dooo thayat," (said in a wail with a rising inflection toward the end into a falsetto bleat). "Cain't, never could," is the old reply and that just about covers the majority of the consumers of this part of the country and I guess everywhere else, too. I bet *Popular Mechanics* is not as popular as it used to be either.

Rescue Minor gleaming in the early morning sun: The boat is aground. That is the actual attitude that she runs at. At rest, while empty, the waterline is about an inch and a half down by the stern. Of course, when she is running, there is a hill of water coming out from under the transom and you can't see all up under there.



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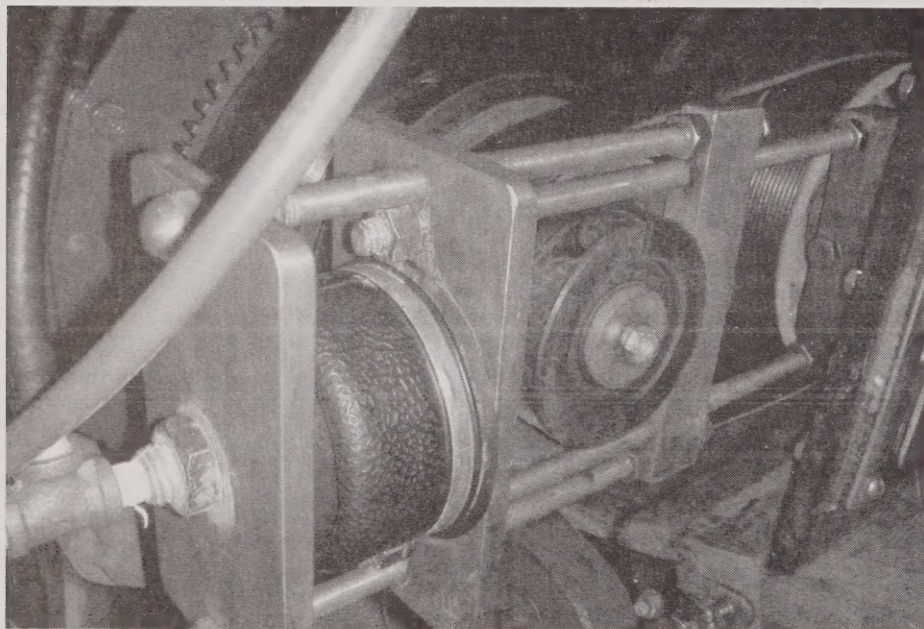
There is some new data on Rescue Minor's performance. The actual calculated gas mileage at 10.5 knots with the 10/10 wheel is 28.5 nautical miles per gallon. That's a good bit better than my 16' skiff with the 8hp Honda. I did not measure the gas mileage with the little 9/6 prop, but I don't think it is much different. You know diesel engines only meter out the fuel they need to produce the horsepower to maintain the governed rpms. Unlike a gasoline engine, it does not have to ingest a whole mouthful of the proper mixture for each intake stroke of each piston so the rpms don't matter as much. I am sure that overrevving eats a little more fuel than running at optimum rpm much.

I don't think Rescue Minor will eat me out of house and home this summer. As a matter of fact, I know it won't. I hate to admit it to you, but I like my little skiff better. Rescue Minor is just too big and fancy. While we were going around the island, I stopped off at one of my little honey holes and made one throw with the cast net and caught six big fine mullet (this spring has been so peculiar that I completely missed the little spring mullet). While I was wading out of the

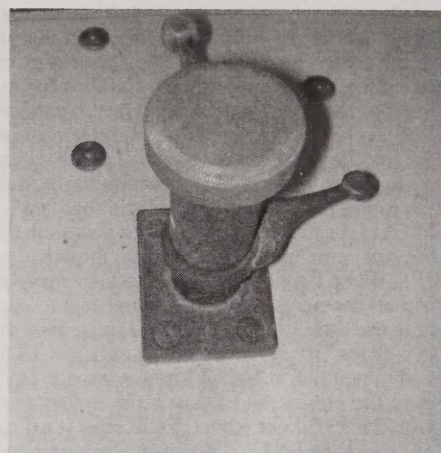
Rescue Minor... The Technical Stuff

creek with my lunch and supper, I saw a Bayliner looking thing with a hard Bimini top with 18 fishing poles sticking up. He (or she) spied that gold leaf and had to deviate from his (and her) course so as to get a better look at Rescue Minor pushed up on the beach.

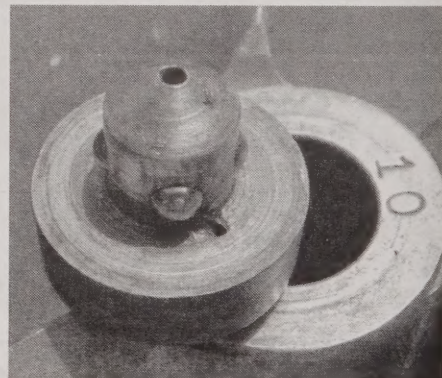
They would have never given the little skiff a second glance nor would his wake have broken on the transom and splashed sandy water up on the stern deck. Does that mean that I have made up my mind to sell the boat and just use my dearly beloved skiff. Hell no. I told you before, a man who has never had anything but notions needs a bunch of boats to suit the notion of the time. Though my wife and I will take the skiff this coming weekend (thinking about hem um up creek), I need that Rescue Minor to haul all my building materials and relatives during the summer coast house season. And besides, I might decide to run up the coast all the way to Maine and a po boy like me needs that 28.5nmpg.



The pneumatic belt tensioner. This rig looks like junk and it is but it works real well. You can see the bearing on the end of the stub shaft of the flywheel and, below it, the yoke that bears on the bearing of the propeller shaft. That rubber air spring tries to spread the two apart when inflated. It only takes 28psi to tension the belt and there is a tire valve on top of that tee so I don't have to rely on any compressor to do it. It is hard to see the reverse discs hiding forward of all that junk but you can see the ring gear on the flywheel and understand my concern about putting enough overhanging load on the crankshaft to tighten up on the belt without that pneumatic device. I know I could have made it mechanical but I like and trust air controls. Ain't nothing more reliable than the brakes of a train or a semi truck. There is only 3/16" motion from forward through neutral to reverse.



The throttle control. The throttle control just sticks up out of the seat near to hand. The lever sticking to the right just adjusts the friction by chucking down on some splits in the bushing. The lever sticking toward the top of the page works the throttle. That knurled knob also adjusts the throttle. It replaces an extension that sticks up so I can work it when I am standing up... all most ergonomic. When I am sitting down, I think I look cool as all get out with my right hand resting on that knob and my left arm resting on the engine box with the tiller lightly held with two fingers. I used to have a boat with a throttle sticking up above the rail. I didn't look all that cool when I hopped out of the boat one time and caught the britches leg of my shorts on it and gave it the juice. Fortunately it was a small boat and I was able to turn it up on its side so the propeller was mostly out of the water or it might have been a bad situation. Even at that, I am glad it wasn't a Crosley turning 9,000 rpm.



The push button propeller nut sitting on the hub of the 10/10 wheel: That's one of my favorite inventions right there and I wish I had invented it. I don't even know if I was the first to apply that simple and reliable trick to retain a propeller but it sure works. The button is recessed inside the face of the flange so it can't accidentally get pushed and release the balls so the nut can come off. On a sailboat, I braze the nut onto the propeller so the whole thing comes off as a unit but I want to be able to change props on this boat and I haven't gotten around to making any spare nuts yet. On a sailboat, the shear pin is fixed in the shaft so it can't fall out. On the Rescue Minor, it can fall out as many messers were able to observe at the boat show.

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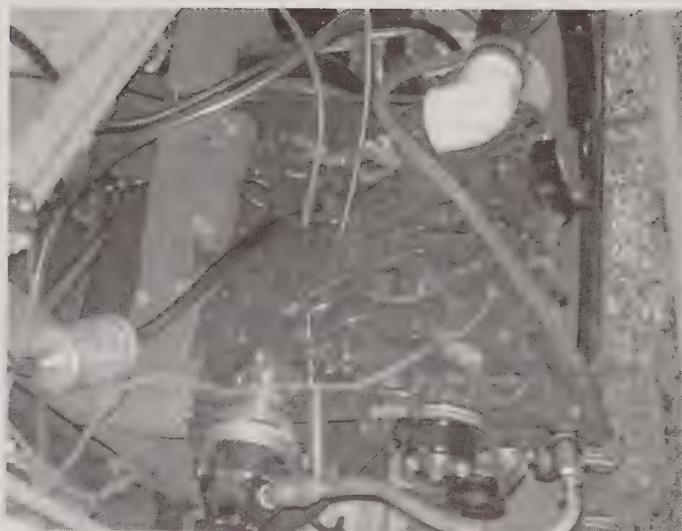
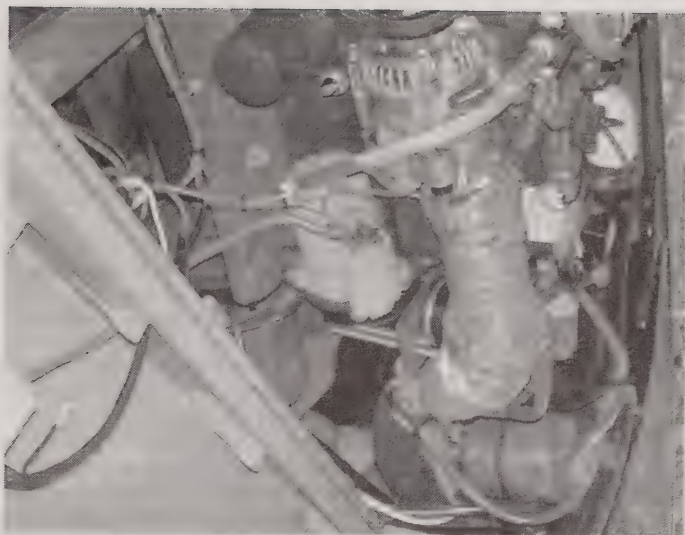
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The engine room: On the port side is the copper pipe day tank forward and the little bomb looking coolant recovery tank in the stern. You can see the copper tubing wrapped exhaust manifold with its sheet copper lagging. It runs cool enough to touch. For scale, keep in mind that those vinyl hoses are 3/8" and those are standard radiator caps on both the day tank and recovery tank. I took the starter apart and painted the parts with zinc cold galvanizing spray. I have seen a world of misery caused by rusty starters in boats. That zinc spray is just as good as a real zinc anode if you keep it on there. On the starboard side is the little Shurflo diaphragm pump. It is sucking (?) fresh water out of a bucket in that picture so I can run the engine on the trailer. I also have a garden hose to spray the keel cooler with. You can see the old bronze Bowden wire for the throttle and the shut off. Originally I had an electric solenoid shut off but it kept messing up on me so I threw it away. You can see its bracket. What those messers who were worrying about where I was going to put my compressor didn't know was that there is a place for a power take off on the rear of the fuel pump. If you look under the oil pan, you can see the chain that pulls the stern of the engine down to get reverse. That black hose with the PVC elbow on it goes to the air cleaner intake silencer under the coolant recovery tank. The tube that leads down toward the front bulkhead connects the overflow of the recovery tank to a nipple in the bulkhead so if the engine runs hot, it'll blow hot water or steam on my foot and alert me that I have a problem. That little black box on the rear of the valve cover is the low oil pressure buzzer. The alternator light is on top of it. All that tubing and junk up under the stern deck is a spare electrically driven Shurflo pump which is already hooked up to the exhaust manifold and all so all I have to do is switch it on if I smell hot rubber. The push button propeller nut is visible sitting at the bottom of the picture. I have a better picture of it.

This boat is a modification of a boat designed by William Atkin in 1942. The original wartime version was intended to be used as a crash boat to operate in very shallow water to rescue downed aviators. Though the boat will run in only 6" of water, it is very seaworthy and fully capable of crossing the English Channel. Indeed, the hull form is derived from the Jersey Seabright skiffs which were launched off the beach into the open waters of the Atlantic to fish and were legendarily capable seaboats. Atkin designed the first tunnel-hulled version of those boats in 1919 and gradually evolved the shape all his life. He designed shallow draft boats sort of like this all the way up to 50' long. Rescue Minor was the smallest and the shallowest.

Not only are Atkin tunnel boats very seaworthy and shallow, they are amazingly efficient. This particular example will run 323.5kts on only 20hp. The original Rescue Minor (Atkin named the boat) would run 17.5kts with an old Atomic Four, but it was much heavier with a much heavier engine. There is very little wake at any speed and, as the boat begins to plane, the bow goes down instead of up. I believe the boat surfs on its own stern wave.

Specifications

Length: 19'0"

Beam: 6'4"

Draft: 6" (the waterline is at the center of the propeller shaft either at rest or running)

Weight: 580 lbs (including fuel and gear)

Power: Kubota 3-cylinder diesel, 722cc, 20hp @ 3,600rpm, wt 147 lbs (including transmission)

Construction: Epoxy fiberglassed strip planking. The tulip poplarstrips are 5/16" thick

Rescue Minor

By Robb White

(This is the handout for the Apalachicola Boat Show on April 26th)

and 1-1/8" thick and mostly fiberglass.

Mechanical Peculiarities

The transmission is poly V-belt drive, 4 to 3 reduction. The shaft seal is ceramic/graphite like on a submersible well pump. The cooling is by a flat plate keel cooler, but the exhaust is raw water cooled by a diaphragm pump driven directly off the camshaft of the engine.

Performance Peculiarities

The shaft is skewed 5-1/2 degrees to port as per Atkin's specifications to compensate for the fact that the boat starts moving with half the propeller out of the water. Not only does the boat run straight going ahead, but it backs down straight, too, and will steer in reverse better than any inboard boat I ever saw. It is also very weedless (will run through lily pads without slowing down). It does not try to root when running downwind when it is rough. It is as stable at rest as any boat this size but it is uncanny when running.

I guess it is all that water sucked up under the stern, but the boat is immune to misdistribution of weight either fore and aft or athwartships. It does not bank in turns at all and five people can sit on one side or all the way up in the bow without altering the trim. No matter what, the boat runs perfectly level with the forefoot just in the water and, because of that, not bad to pound.

That shallow draft business is sort of spooky. It will plane up into water so shallow you can see the wakes of the stingarees. I think that flat bottom tries to compress the water under it and won't let the boat hit. I haven't measured anything but I know it'll run in less than 6" of water. It'll give you the heebie jeebies to pass a crab trap sticking halfway out.

A Pecularity of History

You know, I bet a wounded pilot who had to ditch his plane in the shallows amongst the Frisians to keep from getting finished off by the Nazis was mighty glad to see the little Rescue Minor boogying across the flats with the pretty nurse in the white uniform standing up in the bow pointing the way. I can't find anyone who ever saw one of these Atkin tunnel boats before, but coincidence is an amazing thing. A soon as I wrote in *Messing About in Boats* that I had started this project, I got a letter from Alex Hadden up in Maine saying that he had started a 34-footer. John Atkin, William's son, died just about that time. I wonder if there wasn't some conspiracy working up there in Heaven. Alex's boat ran just as well as this one.

There is another coincidental peculiarity, too. Both Alex and I agree that this is the hardest hull to build that we have ever been involved with. I don't actually want to build another one, but the original Rescue Minors were built of plywood. John's widow, Pat Atkin, has the plans. I know Ralph White over in Blountstown could weld one up out of aluminum.

Robb White & Sons, P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799

"How would you like to sail across the Atlantic?" my wife greeted me excitedly at the door. "You would be leaving next week. I told them you would be interested."

Nancy knew that I had grown up in a harbor town in Germany on one of the world's busiest canals, the Kiel Canal, connecting the Baltic with the North Sea/Atlantic, and that I, too, like my grandfather the sea captain, wanted to explore the oceans of the world and one day sail across the Atlantic, or "Pond" as it was euphemistically known.

But I had almost forgotten that dream, with graduate school, new job, family, house, you know what I mean, the works, and had settled to sailing my little 22' swing keel sailboat up and down the Maine coast, when suddenly, out of the blue, my wife got this phone call from a friend of mine in Camden, Maine, wondering whether I would be interested in sailing a 45' wooden schooner across the Atlantic to France as mate and third watch captain.

I must have dropped some hints in our 13 years of married life at that time, and she knew I had been messing about in boats, from rowing dinghies and shells to sailboats of all sizes. She knew about my sailing trip from Kiel, Germany, to Scotland and the Shetland Islands on a 60' yawl. She also knew I had a sailor's passport and had worked on a 1,000-ton freighter on the North Sea and Baltic during college vacations and had arrived in this



"And there she was..."

To go or not to go, a hard decision for all.



Fiddler's Green Across The Atlantic

By Reinhard Zollitsch

country on a coal freighter in Norfolk, Virginia, as a penniless graduate student.

But with two small kids and a third one on the way from Seoul, Korea (through international adoption), this was a big deal for her and, as a matter of fact, is for anybody staying behind and takes a lot of courage, more so than doing the actual sailing, I am convinced. Thanks, Nancy, for your strength, support, and deep understanding!

We agreed to at least see the boat and meet the people I would be sailing with, no commitment or promises. ("We're just going to look at the puppies...")

Next day we drove down to Camden and there she was, a traditional, two-masted, wooden schooner, 45' on deck with a 10' bowsprit, built in 1973 by Newbert and Wallace in Thomaston, Maine, to the plans of Pete Culler, who was thinking of the traditional Boston pilot schooners when he designed *Fiddler's Green* for Ned Ackerman. Nancy and I looked at each other, words were not necessary, it was settled. The year was 1977 (May to be exact), and I had just celebrated my 38th birthday.

The schooner was well built from local oak and locust and had two sturdy spruce masts and booms with heavy cotton sails. Below was finished with natural locust wood with white trim, there were two wood stoves for heat, an ice chest for refrigeration, and a bare minimum of necessary navigational equipment; i.e., short wave radio, VHF marine radio telephone (with a 30-mile range), and sextant. No Loran or radar and, of course, no GPS (Global Positioning System), EPIRB (emergency transmitter), or satellite phone in the '70s!

The boat had a reliable 20hp British Kelvin diesel with two large fuel tanks. It looked very traditional and was very functional and efficient, a bit on the sparse side in the electronics department. It also had a totally unprotected wheel box on the open afterdeck with a fishermen's wheel which worked like a tiller, not a car steering wheel. If you turned the wheel to the right the boat

Our crew of six (author top center).



would swing left, just as if you were pulling a tiller to starboard.

The owner, Ned Ackerman, who commissioned *Fiddler's Green*, wanted to sail her around the world but in 1976, in the wake of the 1974 oil crisis, he had bigger ideas and had the same shipyard build him a 97' coastal freight carrying schooner, the *John F. Leavitt*, named after the maritime author of *In the Wake of the Coasting Schooners*. In order to finance this project, *Fiddler's Green* had to be sold to a pharmacist couple from Paris, France, Vincent and Agnes, who sounded like very nice people.

In May of 1977 the two and Agnes' brother Yves came over to Maine to look the boat over, find three more crew members, including a mate familiar with wood and canvas and hopefully some freighter experience for crossing the shipping lanes here and abroad, me, and shake the boat down before venturing out across the "Pond."

The skipper and his wife were to take the first watch and were responsible for navigation (by sextant). Watch captain Yves, a competent sailor from the Bretagne, was in charge of motor and electronics and was willing to take on a young novice from Camden, 18-year-old Andrew, while I found a compatible watch mate in Portland, Kevin. I was responsible for wood and canvas as well as plotting our dead reckoning. So we had three two-man watches, four hours at a time, with a four-hour daily progression due to two-hour lunch and dinner preparations with clean-up.

Our first sail on May 31 was one big joy ride. Everybody, including the skipper, was grinning from ear to ear, trying to impress the other crew members how cool and competent they were. We managed to get all sails up, including the topsail, even though none of us had ever sailed a schooner or fully understood each other all jabbering in different tongues. There was a distinct language barrier on board, due to the minimal English of the new owners and only my minimal French on the American crew side. "La voile" was a sail, I knew that. But "la misaine" was the big sail on the foremast? I did not know we had a mizzen on a schooner, and if we did, it should have been aft. And the helm threw us all, till I named it "filly" and treated it like a tiller. But I had to get used to steering by a direct reading compass. The traditional compass, where you read your course off the top of the 360 degree compass card, had become second nature to me and was hard to undo in my mind. As if "filly" was not confusing enough!

We flew across Penobscot Bay to Pulpit Harbor and back, reaching 9 knots at times. The boat had potential, but we had a lot to learn. I could see lots of work projects ahead of us before we were ready to push off for good. But that night the deck was filled with guests, friends, and well-wishers for a significant lobster bake French style, "aux flambeaux," and with lots of wine, champagne, French music, and loud talking way into the night under a splendid full moon.

Next morning it was back to work, cleaning up, checking the standing rigging from the top of the mast to all deck fittings. We greased the masts with Vaseline so the sail hoops would slide easier, checked the running rigging, and I insisted on replacing the bowsprit foot ropes. I wanted to know that the ropes would hold me for sure if I was ever

standing on them in the middle of the ocean, reefing and tying down the outer jib. I also measured for a canvas "dodger" all around the stern section, from the deck to the life lines, to give the man at the helm some protection from the elements. Sailmaker Bohndell in Rockland had it done in two days.

That evening was filled with more wine and live music. A young fellow with a guitar insisted on singing us the song "Fiddler's Green," which the Irish Rovers had made famous in the late '60s. It is about a place "where sailormen go if they don't go to hell, where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play, and the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away...I'm taking a trip, mates, I'll see you some day in Fiddler's Green."

Then it suddenly dawned on me that the fiddler was death and the fiddler's green was the dance floor for the deceased sailors, and I suddenly became very quiet, went to my bunk, rolled up in my sleeping bag, and zonked out.

To me it was not funny to name a boat after the "Grim Reaper," it was almost like asking him or his servant the "Poltergeist" to appear, or at least challenge him with human hubris. I was distinctly uncomfortable with a name like *Davy Jones' Locker* scrawled on my transom, but cool reasoning and logic finally prevailed and told me it was only a name. Fate is what you make of your life, I kept telling myself.

After our next practice sail I noticed two small 2" tears at the end of the batten pockets near the leech of the sail. I pointed them out to Vincent and suggested we test the material by trying to rip the tears further since they would have to be fixed anyway. And the little tears ripped and ripped and would not stop. We then stuck a knife at a different place in the sail and the same thing happened. By then Vincent was furious about the sails, while I breathed a sigh of relief, feeling thankful that this whole thing happened now and not during the first storm out on the Atlantic.

Not only the mainsail, but all four major sails were unusable. Something must have happened to them. After a few phone calls,

New sails are up, we are bound for France.

we found out from Ned that the four-year-old sails had been treated by a sailmaker in Massachusetts to prevent mildew in a solution of (or including) kerosene and cuprinol. Nobody was quite sure about this anymore. Whatever solution they used, it obviously chemically burned and weakened the cotton fibers. Rockport sailmaker Bohndell confirmed our finding and agreed to make an entire new set of sails of 9-oz. dacron in ten days, for \$3,500, a cost which old and new owner would share.

By then June was almost gone. The sails were bent on again and fit perfectly. Thanks, Bohndell! Provisions were bought, one brief practice sail was squeezed in, a last scrumptious going away party was thrown on Curtis Island at the mouth of Camden Harbor, and next morning on June 24, 1977, we ghosted out into Penobscot Bay only to disappear in a fog bank. We were finally off, what a relief. The last escort power boat with Nancy aboard turned back and it became very quiet on *Fiddler's Green*. Only the diesel was helping us down the bay into the open Gulf of Maine against the incoming tide. We were bound for France and there was no way of contacting anybody till we got there, which nobody wanted to think about.

We flew all sails including the top sail till about 8:00 PM when we took down the outer jib and topsail for the night, and a bit later even reefed the main when it started to breeze up. By then we were making great progress across the Bay of Fundy, 24 nautical miles during our four-hour watch, and were approaching Cape Sable at the southernmost corner of Nova Scotia by noon of the following day. We then had a wonderful reach along the barely visible shores of Nova Scotia, but eventually were becalmed and used the diesel till 2:00 the next morning.

Kevin and I came on watch and it suddenly started blowing from the northeast, a nor'easter, and I knew we had to reef down and asked the next watch, Skipper's watch, to help us. He, however, was too groggy from his daily dose of red wine and was sure it would blow over. He refused to come on deck.

"With 9-oz. dacron sails, this boat can take anything," Bohndell had assured him.

One hour later I again asked permission to reef, but was denied. By now I could barely keep the rails out of the water and decided to use the "German Fishermen Reef" instead, as I learned it on the North Sea and Baltic, slightly overtighten the foresails so each would backwind the next sail, taking power out of the sail, and slightly luff the main.

Kevin and I managed to sail the boat dry this way till 4:00 AM, when the new watch would have to come on deck and we could finally reef down properly. Again the skipper refused to reef because we were still so upright, and instead launched into a tirade about "Germans just don't know how to sail...the sheets are too tight...we are not reefing...we don't need you, you can go below..." and we did. Five minutes later all hell broke loose. We were sailing on our ear and the skipper called out the next watch, his brother-in-law and Andrew. The off watch would only come back on board if it were an all hands call, but he had too much pride and Kevin and I didn't mind letting him eat his words and learn a humbling lesson at sea.

They managed to take down the outer jib and tie it to the bowsprit and put two reefs in the two big mainsails. Soon thereafter even that was still too much for the boat, but instead of reefing the jib and the main down even further and taking the big foresail down, they took jib and main down, leaving the double reefed foresail.

It was a terrible night, the worst one of my life, and the wind steadily increased to 60 knots. Without any sails fore and aft we had lost all control of the boat. With only one sail in the middle of the boat, we also could not heave to nor could we run with the wind, the two major storm sailing techniques. It was a disaster. We would roll and corkscrew through the waves, rise into the sky and fall off with a bang. All pots and pans, everything in that boat was vibrating, clinking and banging; things would slide, fall and crash, the "Poltergeist" was on board for sure, and seemed to be having an outrageously noisy feast with all his friends before he would take the boat down, as the sea lore goes. And every time the boat fell off a wave, the bell on the foredeck would ring, one eerie ring only. I had to suppress images of the real fiddler. He was playing all right, I clearly heard him, but it was not my song he was playing, I stubbornly maintained.

Kevin and I could not make any sail changes during our watch either, but could only try to keep solid water from crashing on deck with our minimal steering. I had sailed in Force 11 winds before and also experienced that force on a freighter, but this was the first time I felt I was sailing on the ocean, surrounded by towering waves. Water was everywhere and the wind was whipping the rain and spray into our faces. We had given up control and were at the mercy of the elements. I was truly thankful for this little boat to be able to stand up to the punishment of nature.

It blew between 50 and 60 knots all the next day, too, and we were pounded into submission by the waves, the wind, the noise, the rain, the cold, and lack of sleep. We shortened watches to one hour on deck for only one man, tied on with a sturdy harness. The other would sit on the keel inside the hatch, fully dressed. We drifted to the southeast, 120



degrees on the compass, slowly but inevitably towards the infamous Sable Island and could not do a thing about it. I could not know then that our location was in the same area that the "Perfect Storm" occurred in October of 1991. All I knew was that we had to stay upright and get out of there fast since there was not much room to drift.

During our 10:00 PM to 2:00 AM watch, our third four-hour watch during the storm, it was finally beginning to blow itself out, and we even got some sleep after we were relieved. That morning the reefed main was up again, so was the big jib, and we were heading due east in dry clothes and with food. We all put on a smile and breathed a sigh of relief. Even the sun came out and we enjoyed a great fast beam reach till sundown, which levered up a full moon on the opposite horizon. A wonderful image, and we in our little boat in the middle of a perfect circle. On one hand it looked as if we were the center of the universe, on the other hand we looked like an insignificant speck in nowhere, surrounded by a perfectly circular horizon which would keep coming with us like a halo all the way across the Atlantic and make it look as if we weren't going anywhere.

Then suddenly we came upon a huge Russian spy ship anchored just far enough offshore to be considered in international waters. At first the ship seemed to be deserted, when suddenly lots of heads popped up over the railing, staring at our little sailboat, even waving their arms, maybe remembering the storm and wondering how we had made it through. Even spies are sailors at heart, I thought to myself warmly.

With Yves' help I persuaded the skipper to give each watch captain the authority to call for a reef, and night sailing would only be done with reduced sail; i.e., definitely not with topsail and outer jib since it was not on a furling gear but had to be taken down by getting out on the bowsprit, not a very safe thing to do in the dark of night. He reluctantly gave in but reversed his decision many times on our trip across the Atlantic.

On our seventh day out we approached the Grand Banks (off Newfoundland) and inevitably hit fog, which lay thick over the water but allowed some sun to filter through overhead, a strange sensation. We were barreling along with all sails at 7 knots, relying on our tiny metal radar reflector and mast strobe light to be seen by other boats. We heard some distant fishing boats, but made it through the fleet fine to Cape Race, the SE corner of Newfoundland, our jump off point to Land's End, England. We had covered 135 nautical miles in the last 24 hours, our farthest so far, and even got a sun fix at noon, just when we needed it.

There was 1851 more (nautical) miles to the next shore! A formidable and somewhat scary task, but our team was working together somewhat better, even though we hardly saw each other except at meal times. Kevin and I had made each other co-responsible for the safety of the other, and we worked well together and knew what we were doing. Yves was a very competent sailor and also very patient with the newcomer, Andrew, who did admirably well, was cheerful and learned very quickly, especially how to stay out of trouble.

Vincent and Agnes, on the other hand, were trouble all around and turned the trip

into an unpleasant experience. First, they had major marital problems, which were exacerbated by any tense moment on board. Their conversations mostly ended in a shouting, even pushing match, most noticeably during the dog watch from midnight to 4:00 AM. Secondly, their tension, stress, and anger were vented towards the other crew members, especially the other non-family watch captain, me. That I had grown up in Germany did not help much either. There were many moments where I would have gladly stepped off the boat rather than take the crap or act as a peace maker in quarrels between them or with other members of the crew.

Food was another bone of contention. We were all cooking and cleaning up on a preset schedule (two hours of the lunch and supper watch), but Agnes would set out the food for each meal. Typical lunches were corned beef or tuna on either potatoes, rice or spaghetti, for 25 long cold days at sea. No real vegetables to speak of, since in French nomenclature, potatoes are vegetables.

Supper mostly consisted of soup, regular Campbell's soup, three cans for six people, following serving instructions (mixed with water), with dry crackers and a hunk of ripe cheese, and occasionally an apple for dessert. Lots of cans and alcoholic beverages were locked away in the bilge "for emergencies," like being shipwrecked on an island? The emergencies never happened and the supplies stayed locked till we landed in St. Malo, France, with Agnes as guard dog, even sleeping in the saloon, fearing we would snatch food during our off watches.

On our tenth day out, though, I have to admit, we celebrated our 1,000-mile marker with a real feast compared to our normal fare. Agnes dug deep into the bilge and came up with canned turkey, peas, creamed corn, and a canned fruit dessert, and Vincent offered everybody one glass of sherry. Now that was a very special and unique occasion on this boat! But I was still glad I had brought my vitamin pills.

Looking aft from the bowsprit.



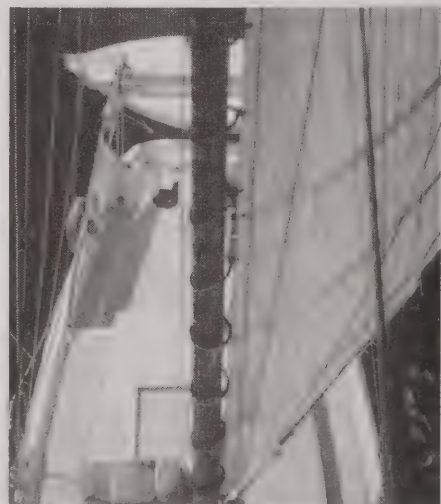
Another thing was the cold. We had left Maine on June 24 and always stayed north of the shipping lanes. I am telling you, it was cold. How cold? I lived in thermals, wool socks and sweater, extra jacket, and oilskins for almost the entire trip. I find the following embarrassing note in my trip log on the 13th day of our trip: "Clean socks and underpants, combed hair, brushed teeth with toothpaste, all for the first time." It was just too cold to bare your skin, and we were simply too tired and cold to function fully. In 1977 we had no understanding of hypothermia. We were either shivering on deck or warming up again in our sleeping bag with minimal socializing during food intake time. The first couple of days beyond Newfoundland were extremely cold. The water looked bluish green and very thin, we were crossing the Labrador iceberg zone, according to my pilot charts, and had to be on constant lookout.

The night of our 1,000-mile celebration was lit up with heat lightning, frighteningly close, with the wind suddenly gusting up to 50 knots and with seas coming from all directions. Agnes, in particular, had a hard time keeping from jibing the boat, and when she did that one too many times the metal ("misaine") foremast peak fitting broke and sail and gaff came crashing down on deck. She adamantly maintained that it was not her fault, that we had weakened the fitting, and it could have happened to any of us!

But the real storm, our second, did not hit till the next day. This time we were ready with triple reefed main, single reefed big jib and no outer jib, and "la misaine" was already down, thanks to Agnes. The waves were gigantic but regular and predictable, unlike in our first storm, which was total confusion. This time we were sliding down the backs of the huge waves at frightening speeds. At the end of each glide we had to watch out not to dive into the back of the previous wave, but rather turn slightly to windward till the crest would catch up with us and rumble under our hull. It was very intense. The boat would track like an express train, and Kevin and I took turns at the helm every hour. Our concentration was shot after that.

Next day Kevin and I managed to replace the broken mast fitting with a wrapped

Under full sail again, mast repair accomplished.



sturdy steel strop shackled around the top of the mast. It worked and held for the rest of the trip. But a sonic boom that night made us think the gaff had crashed down on deck again or something had blown up in the rear hatch. We rushed on deck and searched all around with flashlights, but nothing had happened. I remembered the supersonic British/French Concorde had just started service across the Atlantic the year before, it could have been them or some military plane. I was quite familiar with that sound having grown up in postwar Germany. But I am telling you, sonic booms are always a scary thing at night on a small boat in the middle of the Atlantic.

On Day 14 it finally got a bit warmer. We must have entered the Gulf Stream because suddenly there were gannets overhead and porpoises and dolphins were riding our bow wave, racing beside us or even doing aerials. It was fascinating hearing their "tsiu,

tsiu" from the forepeak below deck. But my fresh socks from yesterday got soaked while taking pictures, a real bummer.

From that point on, time seemed to crawl by at a snail's pace. The routine on board, including the food, became very repetitive, monotonous, especially when nobody could find a nice word to say to the other crew members. Agnes in particular got totally unhinged and maligned everybody and slashed out at everything. I only had fun when she was sleeping or out of sight with her mouth shut. It was that bad. Kevin, Yves, and I got along fine, though. Andrew was too young and inexperienced to figure in this equation, but he was certainly a nice, cheerful, eager learner. I definitely stopped counting the miles we had already sailed, but rather looked ahead at the distances to Ireland, The Scilly Isles off England, and St. Malo, France, the distances yet to be sailed.

The weather did not help lift our spirits either. The wind shifted to the southeast instead of coming from the west and was too light to move us along in any direction. So Vincent grumblingly started the engine, then sailed a bit, only to start the diesel again. We used up half our fuel in the middle of the Atlantic, even started our second tank, which we had wanted to save for the Channel crossing where we might really need it, and for getting into St. Malo.

The days dragged on till we had Ireland abeam on the 22nd day of our trip. One hundred twenty more miles to The Isles of Scilly, off Land's End, the southwest tip of England! On July 16, Day 23, I made out the two flashes every 15 seconds of Bishop Rock. We were getting there after all, I thought to myself. I had read about this area being one of the most intimidating places around and I was willing to give the Scilly Isles a wide berth. I knew the only seven-masted schooner ever built, the *Thomas W. Lawson* from Quincy, Massachusetts, foundered here in 1908 in a storm and sank, taking 15 crew members with her, and we were headed right through that boulder field between Round Island and Seven Rocks. When I mentioned this to Vincent, he only grinned at me fiendishly.

On we went past Wolf Rock, which had recently claimed a huge tanker, and straight

across the Channel. This was the hairiest sailing I had ever done in my life. It was like crossing a six lane super highway with everybody going full speed without any brakes. Fortunately we had daylight and plenty of wind, actually much too much wind in the choppy tidal maelstrom. At one point a Polish freighter from Gdynia changed course just to get a better look at us. I knew there would be trouble when the wind would hit the deckload of containers from the other side. The freighter would change course drastically and would be upon us before he could get his bow back under control. So I suggested running away on a fast beam reach and it was still a close call.

Then there was a huge Japanese tanker way off on the horizon and everybody thought we could easily cross over before he got there. I insisted we let him pass in front of us, even if that meant changing our course slightly. Sailboats do not have the right of way crossing shipping lanes, and tankers cannot and will not change course or slow down because they follow prescribed courses. So we grudgingly passed close astern of the big tanker and were fine.

I was thankful that Yves took over the navigation into St. Malo Bay. This is a very formidable coast, especially at night, with lots of headlands and lighthouses, rocks and ledges, and legendary tides. St. Malo has tides that rival those of the Bay of Fundy, Canada. I hear St. Malo even has a huge tide driven power generating station.

On July 18, our 25th day of the trip, we motored into the inner non tidal St. Malo harbor basin. It was 7:00 AM local time. We tied up against the stone promenade along with a bevy of super racing boats that had just finished the Cowes, England to Dinard, France race and who were now getting ready for the 1977 Whitbread Race Around the World. Our boat looked completely out of place, like a ghost from a different time. We were dwarfed by the English yacht *Great Britain II* moored beside us and the French Rothchild super yacht *Gitana*, but I told myself, this is it, we had done it.

We had arrived, but there was nobody there to greet us. Agnes and Vincent did some paperwork, then ran off to meet friends and



With genoa in Gulf Stream blue waters.

Dolphins playing in bow wave.



Author taming "filly".



were gone till after lunch. No cheers, no toast, no thank yous for having sailed the boat across the Atlantic for free. This moment was a monumental letdown, the biggest one in my life so far. Here I was in the city of Jacques Cartier, one of the early explorers of the new world, whom I admired, and I did not feel a thing. It was a total washout. It was definitely not what I had dreamed it would be. The moment of elation had turned into a moment of relief. I was numbed by our trip and was now gawking at by thousands of tourists who looked at us as if we were caged animals in a zoo or a painting in a museum. Nobody knew we had just sailed 25 days across the Atlan-

tic, 2,652 nautical miles to be exact, and barely made it at that.

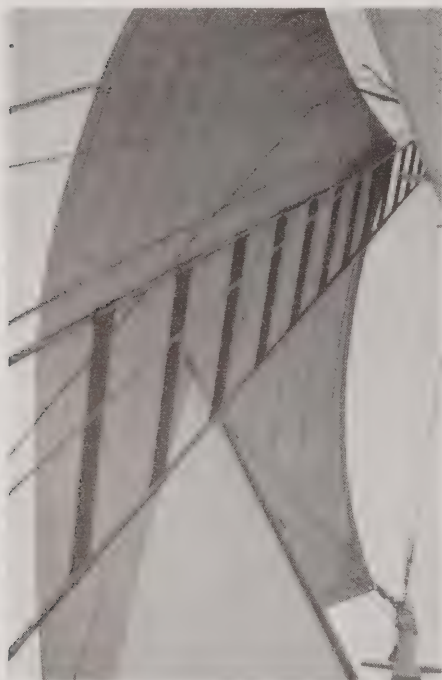
After a good-bye dinner in some restaurant, I packed my duffel the next morning, boarded the express train, "Le Rapide," to Paris and could not wait to get back to my family and friends in Maine. I was sad, though, to leave that beautiful wooden Maine-built schooner in the hands of the new owners, who sailed her for another 20 some years in the Gulf of St. Malo/Brittany area, till the boat ended up on the rocks, dragging anchor, in the Isles of Chausey off St. Malo and sank. All aboard were saved. I have not been able to find out the exact date. I also never heard from or saw any of the crew again.

So ends my somewhat somber story of the schooner *Fiddler's Green*.

Postscript: Ned Ackerman's 97' schooner *John F. Leavitt* went down in a storm on

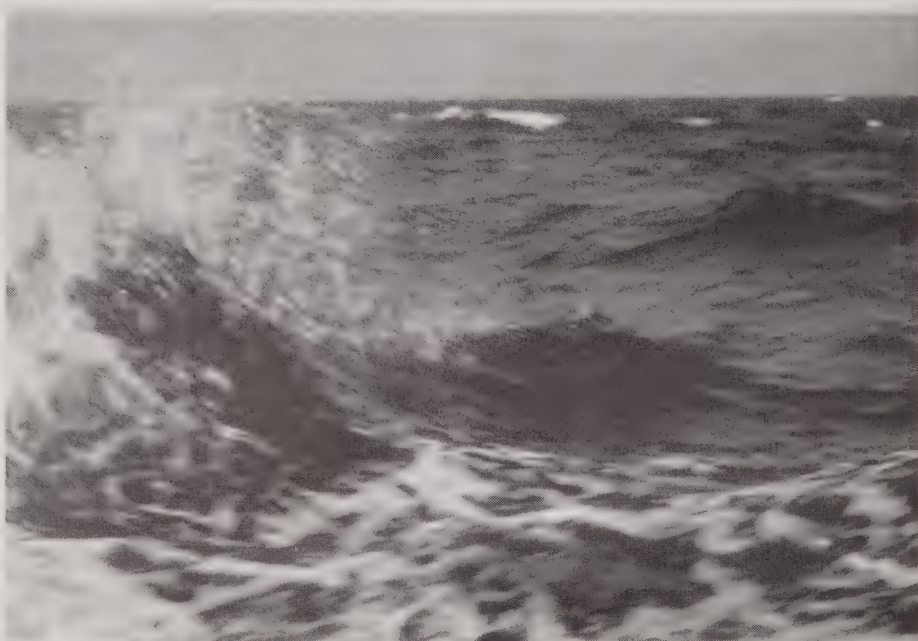
her maiden voyage from Quincy, Massachusetts, to Haiti in December 1979, 260 miles off Long Island, New York, with a load of lumber. All crew members were rescued by Coast Guard helicopter.

December, 2002: Twenty-five years after the *Fiddler's Green* trans Atlantic trip, I finally decided to write up this story and unburden my mind. I also hated to say anything negative about other people, but when I heard this boat had sunk and its life was over, someone had to write the story of how this proud Maine schooner left the shores of New England. After 25 years I also hope the members of the crew will forgive me for my criticism. I, for my part, decided to stay away from traveling with groups and go instead with my family or solo, like my many solo canoe trips along the New England and Canadian Maritimes coastlines.



On a nice day, even the fisherman sail was set.

Windy Channel crossing.



Agitated sea.

St. Malo "in the dawn's early light."



Technical and Other Information

Fiddler's Green, already registered in St. Malo, France, in May 1977

Built of local oak and locust by Newbert and Wallace, Thomaston, Maine; launched 1973

Naval architect: Pete Culler, Hyannis, Massachusetts

Type: Two-masted topsail pilot schooner, 45' on deck, 10' bowsprit

20hp British Kelvin diesel

Wooden dinghy over stern

Short wave radio to get exact Greenwich time signal

Sextant, VHF marine telephone (30-mile range), mast strobe light, and radar reflector with strobe light

NOM nautical charts #5101 Gnomonic Plotting Chart, North Atlantic #109 Gulf of Maine to Straits of Belle Isle

NOM Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean for June/July, 1977, for statistical info on wind direction and speed, currents, ice, etc., an absolute must for anybody venturing across the "Pond"

The Irish Rovers: *On the Shores of America*, MCA Records, 1971

There was no way of contacting the outside world during our crossing.

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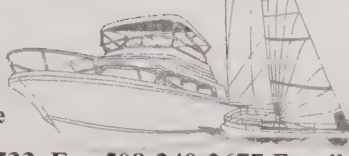
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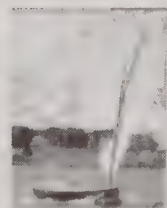
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Two thousand road miles and 16 gallons of gas for the Mercury outboard. We both have all of our parts, as do John and Kathryn Greenrose. Cold and cool weather the whole 11 days in Florida. We delayed leaving for three days due to cold in Louisville slowing preparations. We had four sunny days. Warm to hot in the sun and out of the breeze. We all got some tan. On the last predicted sunny day we agreed to return to a tropical paradise that we had discovered earlier in the trip and for the four of us to spend the night on the boat (John and Kathryn had been in a motel).

That afternoon we heard severe weather warnings for the next afternoon. This particular piece of paradise was on a long uninhabited finger of North Captiva Island. It is kept remote by a huge protective sand bar its entire length. We were able to tip our engine up at high tide and find a way across. We beached the boat on the bay side and walked the 30-yard width to the Gulf side. That side was breathtaking. Virgin white beaches as far as we could see in both directions. Tree stumps in places all the way down to the high tide line. We sunbathed leaning on tree trunks interspersed with quick dashes into the surf. Eye, ear, nose, and throat candy. We vowed to get underway early before the predicted cold front (25 degrees). We awoke with the

Coffee before Paradise, John and Leigh, Kathryn is in the doorway.



Who Expected This in Sunny Florida?

By Bill Jacobus

boat hard aground in 2" of water. High tide not until 4:30 that afternoon.

The plan had been to depart Louisville on January 15, but there were some last minute repairs to our brand new homemade plywood boat (Bolger's 31' Topaz) and stores to load so they could be found later. The temperature in Louisville since mid December was dropping into the 20s most nights. I kept a little 1500-watt heater running in the cabin continuously so that I could stand to work in there during the day.

In early January I noticed that the toilet flush water was frozen solid. I have never cruised or boated at all in the middle of winter before. A few days after the toilet froze, the sink pump froze. The next time the sun came out for a whole day I discovered that when drawing water for the sink about equal quantities of water went into the sink and flowed out onto the counter top from no apparent source. I realized that the freeze had broken the pump. Somewhere in this time frame I discovered that either the bitter cold

or a gasoline spill had caused most of the caulking in the rear cockpit to shrivel and pucker grotesquely.

Obviously, its function as a removable sealant for the fuel compartment and two storage compartments below the self-bailing rear cockpit was seriously compromised. We delayed our start for three days to fix these shortcomings. However, the temperature was so cold that the new caulking refused to flow. So I stowed the necessary materials and tools to make these repairs in the much anticipated Florida warmth. We soon found that Florida was experiencing a cold snap of some week's duration.

So, need I tell you that sitting on the bottom in paradise bracing for a northwest blast, the above repairs had not been started, but the ice blocks had thawed and our cooler didn't require ice for five days. However, after eating something that fateful morning I made the short walk to the Gulf side of the island to see if the surf was building yet; when I returned I noticed an extreme list to starboard and had the impression that the 31' boat was down at the bow. I moved water jugs and people around but found no cause. I chalked it up to an uneven bottom and started studying tide tables.

We were sitting on the bottom in 2" of water. There was a light rain on and off and the temperature had begun inching down. The mile and a half between us and the ICW trench was mostly shallow water, which attracted an abundance of waterfowl. Three hours passed quickly by watching flock after flock of white and brown pelicans cruise the shallows looking for schools of baitfish. They were magnificent to watch, especially when part of a flock would stall their wings and dive in unison. I observed up to five at once many times.

Since we had crossed the sand bar coming in the previous day at about 1:15pm, we reasoned that at about that hour we should be free. By 2:00pm the edge in our voices had risen noticeably. Our female guest started mentioning the Coast Guard and rescue. Here John and I decided to try to wiggle the stern free by kedging with two anchors. We hand carried them 100' away and pushed them into the sand. Then, with everyone pulling on one rope at a time, the stern began to move. We lowered and started the 60hp Mercury. It got a bite and we were moving. The two ladies pulled in the two anchors and hung them on the rear railing, but they left their nylon lines piled on the rear cockpit floor. I noticed the mess but was so elated to be underway that I said nothing about completing the job.

About half to three quarters of the way across the sand bar with our engine tilted up we stopped abruptly. We backed up and went left and then hung. Backed up and went right until something caught. We quickly concluded, perhaps too quickly, that we were hard aground. We could barely make out South Seas Plantation on the northern end of Captiva Island. We had a GPS fix and so knew precisely where we were. I had a \$50 credit toward a tow with Boat US, so we called them with a cell phone, described where we were and what our condition was. We offered a position fix, but that didn't seem important to the dispatcher. We were told it would be 30 to 45 minutes until help could arrive.

We were afraid of drifting in the building chop to a worse position so we lowered

our stopped prop into the sand. It seemed to work as the views all around stayed the same for the next hour and a half when we raised the towboat skipper on VHF. He was at South Seas Plantation, don't know why. We watched him come out of their harbor and begin a long arc to us. His little red boat was sure bouncing high out there in the trench. He was about a 25' inboard and couldn't get near us. He was alone and suggested that one of us wade over and retrieve a tow rope. John has one leg, and though I have two I have advanced heart disease.

The water started at my knees and the wind was nippy. When I got to him it was waist deep but he said that that was as close as he could get. He told me to hurry back and put the looped end over our bow cleat. I told him that I was already at flank speed and had some doubt that I would make it back. John must have thought so, too, as he waded over halfway to meet me. We had to drag 600' of 3/4" floating rope.

When we got to our boat I was breathing heavily but still upright. I slipped the tow loop over our bow cleat and climbed the bow ladder. The tow captain yelled into the radio, "hang on you're coming off." Which we did without a great deal of commotion, but no sooner had we cleared the bar than he stopped towing. The captain appeared in the stern of his boat and began pulling in the 600' of tow-rope. He told us not to cast off. He shortened the rope to about 6', turned his boat into the wind, and maintained tension on the rope.

Now off the shallow bar, the waves were 4'-6'. In the bigger waves we reached the end of the rope before we reached the bottom of the wave. Our boat wasn't following well. We fishtailed from side to side. On one swing one of the side windows blew out and landed in the aisle. The winds now were 30kts gusting to gale force and we were on a 6' tether. Our anger built. Our saviour was filling out our bill and needed the short rope to hand pass us the charge slip for signature.

We dangled there for 15 to 20 minutes. Leigh's head had disappeared into the trash can and Kathryn was spread eagled in the aisle with her fingernails buried in a roof beam. He passed us the bill on an aluminum clipboard. The price for this abusive indignity was \$650. I signed, we dropped the tow and tried vainly to motor into the wind toward our home port. After about 15 minutes and no forward progress we turned stern to and ran downwind looking for some channel markers toward land. The lane into South Seas Plantation (about 1-1/2 miles) was perpendicular to the wind and waves. The next marked channel into Captiva was about 45 degrees more favorable,, so we held our collective breath and turned right.

We emerged from the marked channel in front of Jensen's Twin Palm Marina. We called on VHF and got no response, but a man showed up on the end of their dock. As we maneuvered to dock he began yelling that we were dragging a rope. We quickly pulled it in and found an anchor on the end. When tied up, we dispatched the ladies to look for a warm room. Temperatures now were approaching 30 degrees. Luckily, Jensen's had one cabin left for one night only. We turned the thermostat all the way up and fell into bed. It was only 7:00pm.

The next morning we awoke to freezing temperatures and a frothy white Pine Island

Sound. Our luck was holding as John found the only rental car available on the island of Captiva. We determined to leave the boat and retrieve our trailer. It was a 96-mile circle each way back to our cars and trailer. John and I arrived back on Captiva at 4:30pm, turned in the rental, and drove to the dock at Jensen's. When I turned the key to start the Johnson there was not even a click. When I peered into the battery compartment I couldn't believe what I saw.

The battery was underwater (salt water). The leads to the positive terminal had ceased to exist. The wing nut on the threaded post was half gone. There was a brown goo on everything in the compartment. Again, fortunately, the motel owner had a spare battery to lend us for 30 minutes. As the dark of evening settled in we pulled the boat out, and as I attached the rear strap John shouted something from the bow. In the dark all we could see was water gushing out of the hull on either side of the cutwater.

The construction of this boat is such that it has a double or false bottom in the forefoot area. You can see photographs on my web site www.journeyboats.com. The outer highly curved panels were made by joining two 1/4" 4' x 8' Philippine mahogany plywood panels with an epoxy butt joint with glass tape inside and out. The next morning in full sunlight we saw that the butt joints had opened on both sides of the hull. None of us recall hitting anything other than the pounding we took in the 6' waves. That could have been the cause, but that was after I noticed the tilt down at the bow. My guess is that it had been caused by the thermal shock of the thin panel hitting the relatively warm water while the rest of the hull was 30 or 40 degrees cooler.

Additionally, most of the glass on the outside of the joint was probably sanded away.

In hindsight, the bow tears probably caused us to need an extra hour and the two anchors to kedge off of the beach. Somewhere on our trip across the bar a trailing rope pulled in the anchor. This is probably why we stayed in one place for an hour and a half in building seas. During that time we were able to back up but stalled when going forward. It seems so obvious now that the anchor had dug in. We had paid \$650 to pull our anchor out. The anchor probably also explains why we took on so much water over the transom as it held the stern square to the wind and waves.

That wrinkled caulking noted before we left home let the salt water into the battery compartment and it predictably fried the battery. Looking back we should have left paradise the night before, but we had no experience running at night on the ICW and were afraid to take that chance. It is now obvious that the nav lighted ICW was much lower risk than gale force winds without even adding freezing temperatures. Who expected that in sunny Florida?

The opening in the hull on the port side.



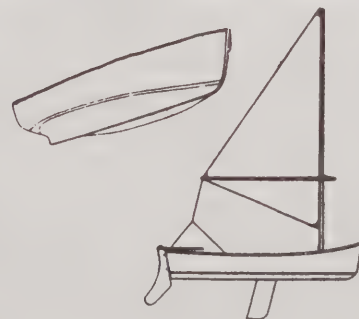
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My never-ending quest to provide my customers with the best of goods and services found me on a cruise to Bermuda. A cruise is the best way to see Bermuda because one gets to see a large ship thread the narrow channels of the island and great views of New York are thrown in. Also, as Bermuda is a very pricey spot, living aboard ship is a significant economy.

Be sure to get an unlimited bus/ferry ticket and put it right to work. As everywhere, riding with the locals is fun and instructive. To watch a driver, laid back 30 degrees, left

Bermuda Maritime Museum

By Jim Thayer

leg splayed out on a box, one hand on the wheel, whip into a traffic circle wrong way round is good entertainment.

Driving on the left must be constantly kept in mind, as was forcefully demonstrated the day we went to see the world's shortest

opening bridge, a slot for the mast. We decided to walk the old rail line back toward West End. It led us off into the bush when a check of our bus schedule warned that we had better hustle and get back on the main road. We made it to a bus stop, tongues adangle, with minutes to spare. As we caught our breath and congratulated ourselves, we watched our bus whip by on the other side of the road! Ah, but I digress.

The ship was docked at West End, a short walk from the large fort that is now a museum. I should have gone the day before as the ship was sailing at noon and the place didn't open until 10:00. Rob Pittaway, once N.A. at Mystic Seaport, had mentioned a long gig housed here, so that was the primary attraction.

The main emphasis is on the Bermuda Fitted Dinghy. There is good information and a couple of examples. These are greatly overcanvassed boats which are still raced to some extent.

Most interesting to me was a boat named *Spirit of Bermuda* which a couple of guys sailed to New York back in the '30s, I think. She's about 16' and decked with a large cockpit. There was an arrangement of boards or slats which could be used to deck over the cockpit, giving about 2' of headroom.

I was very rushed and didn't have a chance to study anything. Up at the main building there is stuff on the history of the island, which we tend to forget was a slave economy. I was shocked to learn that they burned one at the stake on occasion. On reflection, that's probably no more shocking than some U.S. history. According to a tour guide, an especially hot day is remarked with reference to Sally, a young girl who met this gruesome fate.

Things seem happier now and the place is worth a look.



Spirit sailed to New York with crew of two.


Pacific Princess (the actual *Love Boat*) near the fort.



A rod stay arranged to clear rudder. Looks to be marginal.

The long gig, 25' or better.






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Eight students participated in the Apprenticeshop's spring break half-hull model making workshop. Students ranging in age from 8 to 14 gathered on the third floor of the shop Monday through Wednesday during the week of school break to build half-models of the Carney-22, a lobster boat designed and built at the Apprenticeshop, or of the Bantry Bay gig, a half-model of the 38' longboats that are used for the biannual Atlantic Challenge contests.

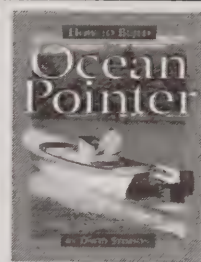
Working with Apprenticeshop Journeyman, Trapper Haskins, the students learned hands-on how to operate power tools, to use and care for hand tools, and the basics of model boat construction.

Atlantic Challenge is a not-for-profit educational organization whose mission is to

Spring Break Workshop

By Trisha Badger
Atlantic Challenge Foundation

inspire personal growth through craftsmanship, community, and traditions of the sea. The Foundation carries forward the philosophy of the first Apprenticeshop established thirty years ago. For more information about their programs, please contact ACF at (207) 594-1800 or via email at <info@atlanticchallenge.com>.



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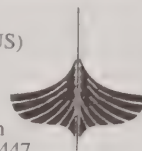
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I see a handsome ad for traditional Norwegian boats, now available in America for spring delivery ("after 1000 years" no less—mighty impressive). I see an article on the re-invention of the beach cruiser (interesting). I see lots of people intrigued by the designs of British wooden boat designer Iain Oughtred (with good reason from the look of his designs). People continue to build and sail the Herreshoff and Haven 12-1/2 (understandable certainly). I see new designs here and new designs there.

But one of the very best designs to ever sail our coastal waters, I see nary a mention. Regional bias (not built in New England or the Northwest)? Maybe. Lack of knowledge. More likely. I know of only three of these boats presently sailing. There may be more, but not many. With so few boats active (or even having been built as sailboats in the last 100 years), it's not difficult to understand why the design has been all but forgotten. Still, I find it strange that a design that has lasted longer as a working boat than any other design in American history should get so little attention.

Through a stroke of dumb luck (the newspaper classifieds), I have the sailboat I love too much. Every time a wayward dock takes a chunk out of my hull, I cry a little. But you, dear reader, can't get this boat unless you have someone custom build it, which isn't all that likely at the moment. Charles Hankins built my boat in the summer of 1983 at the Smithsonian Institution's Folk Life Festival in Washington, D.C. Hankins was the boat builder in residence that summer. Perhaps I can encourage the demand side, you, the sailing public, and wake up someone on the builder side that this design is one for all means and all seasons.

Let's start with our design requirements. We're into exploring new places so we want a small boat that can be trailered. We want enough capacity for two or three adults plus one or two kids and lots of gear. This eliminates car toppers. While we're happy to launch from a ramp, we want the ability to beach launch as well. We want to be able to rig the sails on land and sea, mast, boom, and all. You never know when you're going to be faced with a low bridge. We want to be able to negotiate shallow water, continuing the exploring theme.

But we want a design that is extremely seaworthy and difficult to capsize. We don't plan to sail across the ocean, but we'd like to feel secure in ocean swells or heavy bay chop. We're not into racing, but we want good performance, especially to windward. Finally, and here's where some of you will bail out, we don't want a motor and all the associated gear, so the boat must row easily.

We called them "Hankies" when I was a Jersey Shore lifeguard. The builder, Charles Hankins, called them "Sea Bright Surf Dories." You still see them around on a few beaches, on the road between lifeguard tournaments (nostalgia, I guess), in a backyard or behind a shed, those lonely ocean sentinels, reminders of the age of the working wooden boat. M.F. Hankins is retired now. Most of his boats have been replaced by fiberglass models. Bob Asay in Asbury Park, New Jersey, builds the best of them. There was something of a dust-up a few years ago in lifeguard circles about the superiority of the Asay boats. Some even suggested that a

Reintroducing An American Classic

The Jersey Sea Bright Sailing Skiff

By M. J. Epstein

special boat competition subdivision be created to isolate out the Asay boats so competitors using other boats could win once in a while.

There was a time when Bob Asay would build you a wood "Hankie." I don't know if he still does. But the interesting thing about Asay's fiberglass skiffs is that they stick close to their heritage. They are true Sea Bright Skiffs with a few design modifications. A little less freeboard. Double bottoms for buoyancy. Lots of cutouts to reduce windage and to allow water to flow out. But the Sea Bright Skiff shape is still there. Few historical small boat designs have weathered modernization so well. But the very things that make the Sea Bright Skiff a special boat, in wood or fiberglass, generally exclude it from consideration by modern builders and buyers of pulling boats.

The Sea Bright Skiff is relatively heavy so it can get you through the ocean surf. But few people row in the ocean or even can find an ocean launch site. With a narrow, flat bottom, round bilges, almost slack, and lots of freeboard, it's hard to capsize and has a lot of reserve buoyancy so it can ride out a serious storm. But with modern weather forecasting most people don't expect to be caught out in rough weather, not in a rowboat anyway. It can carry five or more people or hundreds of pounds of fish or freight. But no one hauls people or freight in a rowboat anymore.

You can walk around in a Sea Bright Skiff. You can sleep in a Sea Bright Skiff, not on the floor either, on the thwarts or, as in my boat, on the side seats. You can picnic in a Sea Bright Skiff. But most people row close to land where they can sleep in a tent (or motel), eat lunch, or limber up stiff muscles. With its flat, rockered bottom it's highly maneuverable both on land and sea, but it doesn't handle wind or track as well as it might. No keel and too much freeboard. Frankly, you don't want anything, including a keel, to dig in if you're rowing through the surf or in ocean swells.

So there aren't many people who'd want a Sea Bright Skiff for rowing purposes these days. A great design with no appreciable need, you'd have to say. A former Jersey lifeguard, Cork Friedman, rowed from the Florida Keys to Bimini last year in an Asay boat. But even Cork is looking for a smaller, lighter boat to play around with these days.

However, one aspect of the Sea Bright Skiff screams out for recognition. It's a superior sailboat. So why is this forgotten? We can only speculate. The Sea Bright Skiff had a long career after the age of the working sailboat was over. Of course Jersey Shore lifeguards continue to use them. More importantly, the boat transitioned gracefully to motor, which dominated the design to the mid '50s when hull shapes were no longer con-

strained by the building characteristics of wood. Jack Robinson from St. Augustine, Florida, recently built himself a traditional, albeit diesel powered, Sea Bright Skiff which you can see pictured in *WoodenBoat's* "Launchings" section, May/June, 2001. But the last and most enduring design, the Jersey Speed Skiff, can still be seen here and there, mostly in fiberglass. There's still one builder that I know of.

If you're interested in the historical Sea Bright Skiff, there are a couple of places to look. Howard Chapelle reviews the design in *American Small Sailing Craft*. John Gardner in *Building Classic Small Craft*, Volume I, has a chapter on the boat and how to build it. And finally, there's Peter Guthorn's *The Sea Bright Skiff and Other Shore Boats*, which is full of information about the boat. But almost every source on the Sea Bright Skiff has one minor deficiency. None of the authors, presumably, had ever sailed one. So while they could knowledgeably speculate on its potential sailing performance, they really didn't know for sure.

Here's what John Gardner had to say: "The Jersey sea skiff ... developed in the direction of power rather than sail ... There is no intrinsic reason why it could not have been developed as an outstanding sailboat. Only it wasn't. For those who want a boat that can be both rowed and sailed, one that is a fine sea boat, that handles easily on and off the beach, the early Jersey beach skiff is certainly to be considered."

Well, I have a Sea Bright Sailing Skiff and I can tell you from firsthand experience that John Gardner knew what he was writing about, whether he'd ever sailed one or not. Those very design features that reduce the boat's attractiveness to a rowing public provide sailing excellence.

The high freeboard and considerable topside sheer keep the water out, even in heavy chop or swells. With a lot of buoyancy in the bow, reverse chine construction at the stern (i.e., a hollow skeg, making it double-ended at the waterline), and its sloping U-shaped transom, the boat doesn't dig in and following seas are not likely to broach it. The centerboard eliminates the tracking problems of a flat bottom. Since the boat sails heeled, it doesn't ride on its flat bottom but rather on its round (slack) bilges, so the ride is soft.

The traditional sprit rig provides extraordinary power, so much so that at most angles of attack the sail has to be kept loose, otherwise you'll end up sailing on the gunwales. Having only a forestay to raise the jib on, it's quickly rigged for sailing. The mast and all of the spars are stored in the boat. It has an efficient hull shape for sailing, even more so than rowing. And having a wide transom, it has a load capacity of a boat four or five feet longer.

Wait a minute, you say, a sprit rig? Come on now, that's archaic. Well, maybe so. But check out *Sail Performance* by C.A. Marchaj, Chapter 11. He has done the wind tunnel tests. You'll find that the sprit sail is competitive with any other sail design in terms of power. Plus, it tacks well. Combine this performance with the fact that the mast and spars are short enough to fit in the boat, require no stays (except if you want to hang a jib), and can easily be rigged on the water and you have, to my mind, a winning combination. A couple of secrets here. The sprit sail needs to be well

peaked. And the jib is important in tacking because it helps force the bow around after you've passed through the eye of the wind.

I keep my skiff on a trailer and launch from a ramp when it's available. But I've also built a set of wheels so I can roll it down my street, over the beach and right into the water. I release the wheels after the boat is in the water, float them to shore, and leave them or take them home. I've often wondered what kind of traffic ticket I'd get if there were a boat/car accident? When visiting exotic (I wish) locales, I can take my wheel set with me so I don't need a boat ramp to

get me into the water. One person can roll the boat easily, except uphill where a little help from a second person is appreciated.

One note on the transom. A nice wide transom on a beamy boat (as long as it's double-ended at the waterline) has great advantages for a rowboat or sailboat. For a rowboat it allows you to easily position and keep hold of the boat in the surf or even when launching on flat water in a stiff breeze. Then you push off, hop over the transom, step to your rowing position, and start rowing. With a narrower, double-ended boat it's harder to launch since you don't have anything to hang



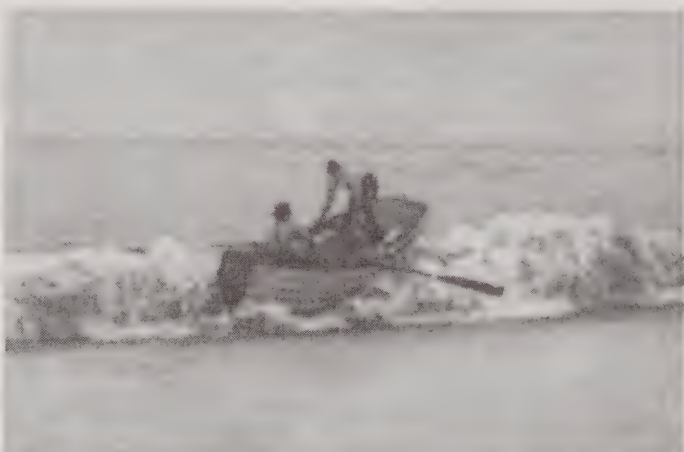
The earliest image of Sea Bright-Olike skiffs in 1834.



The earliest known photo of a Sea Bright Sailing Skiff, 1872.



Fishing skiffs on the beach at Sea Bright, New Jersey, in 1908.



A turn of the century image of the Sea Bright skiff.

After rigging the sails on the beach, a couple of friends help out in launching.



A traditional Sea Bright Sailing Skiff built in the modern era.



onto except the gunwales. You're further out in the water (and wetter) and you have to hop over the side, tipping the boat as often as not. Also, a nice wide transom makes it easy to hang the rudder on the outside of the boat where, to my mind, it belongs in a small boat.

Those of you who are craftsman might have a bone to pick about the workmanship of my skiff. Charles Hankins was a practical man. He built good, inexpensive boats but he didn't build historical reproductions or furniture. His boats took a beating from hundreds of kid lifeguards at the Jersey Shore. So they've stood the test of time. (I've got my stories. Other lifeguards have theirs.) His boats had bronze, C-shaped oarlocks, not traditional thole pins for rowing. He put a good rudder on my boat, not a notch in the transom for a steering oar. His sprit sail isn't permanently attached to the mast but is raised on hoops (at least on my boat). He put jam cleats inside the top most strake and on the tiller so that you don't have to hold onto the main and jib sheets. His centerboard has a hunk of lead in it so it drops down easily. He provided a boom rather than the traditional but less efficient, loose footed mainsail. You still attach the sprit spar with a snottier line, which allows the sail to swing easily on tackling. It has never hung up on me.

It's possible that if you used the same basic hull shape with a smooth skinned surface rather than lapstrake, you'd pick up some speed. Maybe you'd produce a lighter boat if you could get rid of the ribs. Those of you who are rigging experts could probably tweak my sail rig design and improve it.

Personally, I'd like to figure out an easier way to raise the main. Once you've raised the sail, it's difficult to get the sprit spar into the hole at the peak of the sail. It's too high (even folded over). So you have to hold onto the sprit spar and raise the sail at the same time, then tie off both the sail and the spar, all with two hands. While the rudder slides up on a long pin when you hit the beach, a true kick-up rudder might be helpful.

Finally, you have to wonder if one less strake would make the boat easier to row in the wind, yet not affect its sailing performance (or keeping water out of the boat). Still, the Sea Bright skiff is a great sailing design, one that I would recommend to anyone interested in a small boat with large capacity. If you want to see the boat in action, history, construction, and sailing, the half hour program, *The Sea Bright Skiff*, is available from the New Jersey Network in Trenton, New Jersey.

If we could get some builder out there to produce the boat using modern materials and with some economies of scale, we'd have

a winner. Bob Asay has proven that you can successfully build the same hull design in fiberglass. But a wood/epoxy combination might serve as well. Many of the minor annoyances of the sprit rig could be eliminated with lighter (composite) mast and spars and some modern hardware technology. I love my wooden Sailing Skiff, but I'd buy a modern version and donate my boat to a museum.

Or maybe I wouldn't. For a Jersey Shore boy sailing a wooden Sea Bright Skiff is living history. For everyone else, modern composite construction would eliminate some maintenance and reduce worry. If my boat was holed, it might cost as much to fix as it was to buy the boat in the first place. And I can't face painting the inside of my boat with all those strakes, ribs, and seat undersides. Wood, fiberglass, or some combination, the Sea Bright Sailing Skiff is one of the best small boat designs of the last 150 years. There's lots of sailing pleasure to be had, only it was back in production.

I'd be happy to show my boat to anyone who's interested in the construction details. Rowing skiffs can be found. The sailing version, as noted above, is almost impossible to find.

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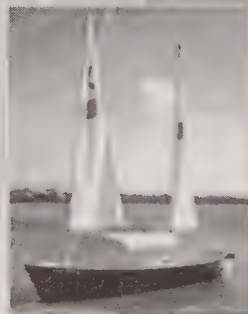
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The Sea Bright Skiff As a Motor Boat

By M.J. Epstein

Who do you want to believe? Here's what one esteemed boat designer had to say about the Sea Bright Skiff hull design: "The true purpose of this appendage or distended bottom (i.e., hollow skeg) is elusive. The effect on both maneuverability and power expended is nearly that to be expected of a beer keg were it attached to the boat's bottom. It is this sort of individual expression in locally conceived boats that sometimes contributes to their early extinction. The survival of the Sea Bright skiffs for their 50 years or more is undoubtedly due to other qualities."

The only reason that the purpose of the hollow keel is "elusive" to our esteemed designer is that he doesn't do field work, apparently, like seeing how the Sea Bright Skiff hull design actually works in practice. For a spirited defense of the Sea Bright Skiff as a motor boat, you might want to read Dave Gerr's "Sea Skiffs: Sea Bright and Otherwise," in *The Nature of Boats*.

Suffice it to say that the hollow skeg isn't really a skeg at all in the sense that it doesn't hang below the waterline. Rather, it makes the boat double-ended at the waterline which is great for rowing and sailing (less drag as the stern of the boat detaches itself from the water). Even in a motorized version, this hollow skeg provides buoyancy below the waterline, keeping the more voluminous stern, which would drag if it were submerged, out of the water. This had its virtues in relatively low powered boats that required hull design efficiency for good performance. Today with virtually limitless power available, plus planing as a desired design attribute, you might want a more voluminous stern so your boat doesn't squat at higher speeds.

In any event, I'll leave you with a final word from Mr. Gerr: "Perhaps the finest thing about Sea Bright Skiffs is that they are really good at everything. This claim is made for many hulls but, unfortunately, is seldom so. Sea Bright Skiffs, however, are easily driven at low, moderate, and even at semiplaning and low end planing speeds. They carry large loads very well. The Sea Bright Skiffs' shoal draft and beachability make them ideal gunkholers, yet their stability, buoyancy, and easy motion make them excellent rough weather boats."

If there's one thing that we all agree upon, it's that there are limits to the joys of sailing and that the best route across an ocean is the one that takes the least time.

How do you ensure a fast passage in a vehicle with very finite limits on its speed? One hot summer, 20 years ago, three of us went on a cycle tour with no particular itinerary, but ended as 1200km through the mountains of Victoria, Australia. Our daily average was about 100km and we did it in an erratic fashion, taking days to stop at a folk festival and once to escape the rain in a pub. One pattern that emerged was that as we got fitter we covered a lot more distance in our six or so hours per day of riding. As we were in the mountains, our riding consisted of hours of plodding up climbs, sometimes walking really steep bits, followed by breakneck downhill sections. So most of our time was spent climbing and we got better at it. We sped up our trip by cutting time where most of it was squandered, in the slow sections.

Take a 63 nautical mile coastal passage, to make the sums easy. If you are making 7 knots you are happy, you get there in 9 hours. If you start the motor to give you 9 knots in the same conditions, you'll save another 2 hours if your hull speed is up to 9 in the first place. Further, to take a 10-ton yacht from 7 to 9 knots needs, using standard approximations, 32hp to pick up those measly 2 knots you don't need. It's not worth it.

On the other hand, if you are struggling along in fluky airs at 3 knots, you are facing 21 hours, and crossing a harbour bar exhausted in the dark. If you pick up 2 knots you'll get there okay in 12.6 hours, picking up over 8 hours. Furthermore, to get your same yacht from 3 knots to 5 knots only needs 16hp, and at the commonly applied rate of 18hp/g/hr, it costs you 11 gallons of diesel. That's worth doing and most of us would start the motor knowing that, without recourse to this great rigmarole of mathematics, or even needing a log. For the record it's 11 gallons to save 12 hours versus 22 to save 2. And, as a bonus, you may just save running aground.

However, what about crossing the Atlantic, 2880nm from New York to the Old Dart, as I'm reliably informed by something printed. You have the best boat you can afford, say 33' WLL, but with a pretty high prismatic coefficient giving her a handy hull speed of 8 knots. All loaded up with intrepid crew, tucker, water, rum, ship's dog, and 100 gallons of fuel, you've kept her to 10 tons. For the purposes of this exercise, make that 25,000 lbs., you'll soon see why. You study other folks' logs and discover a boat like yours is doing okay to make it in a month.

Dreamboats Fast Passages

By Jeff Gilbert, jgilbert@webone.com.au

The length of the trip is such that you won't get plain sailing, there will be a range of conditions, including some calms. So you might break it down to a rough mathematical model like this: 5 days @ 7 knots VMG, 10 days @ 5 knots, 10 days @ 3 knots, 5 days @ 1 knot. That adds up to 2880nm in 30 days. If this seems slow, note these are VMG and you'll have to go quicker through the water to make them.

Okay, how can you do it quicker without a longer waterline boat? Use the logic above. You don't want to waste fuel, so run the Bukh 48 at an easy half throttle during the 1 and 3 knot blocks of sailing; i.e., for half the trip.

Applying 24hp to the yacht at 1 knot gives 5 knots, at 3 knots it gives 5.75 knots, and you get there in 21.5 days, which is a significant saving, though not as spectacular as a light wind day at the coast. Or is it? The period between days 22 and 30 is a lot longer than between cast-off and day 8.

So why don't people do it, motor sail the less windy half of the time at half throttle? Because it takes, using our same arithmetic, 344 gallons of diesel, which is why I added a ton to the boat with the 100-gallon tank. This amount of diesel needs a space of 4' x 4' x 3' to store it, and it should be near both the waterline and CG because emptying alters the boat weight by 13%.

Since you won't find this space in any 10-meter cruiser I've seen, the only way is to scatter it around in containers so that wherever you go you smell diesel. This is not working after all, is it?


What's the answer? I think it's still gestating in the form of electrics. Solar panels are becoming more efficient, cheaper, and sturdier. In time the entire deck, cabin, and hull sides above the waterline will be collecting power, as will wind generators at anchor. Some types will be vertical deploying from the mainmast once the sail is furled round or inside the boom.

Some of the windage on hulls can be converted, we could do this right now with a 2' hole right through the forward fine sections of a yacht bow containing a wind turbine. We may see solar cells built into the sails themselves. With solid sails proven in the little America's Cup, these are bound to gain popularity, especially doubling as sites for solar cells.

Storage batteries are not such a problem as sailboats require the ballast anyway. Gel batteries are stable at any angle and immersed. Propulsion units are okay already, they just need the acceptance required to see them marketed for a reasonable price. A Laurent Giles customer has boldly commissioned this venerable firm to redesign a classic 13 ton 43' cruiser for electric auxiliary and a modern build. The projected cost of 380,000£ is not a testament to its futility, merely its uniqueness.


The cost per unit of electric propulsion is already less than fossil fuels. The one remaining barrier is range, longevity of supply. Once this barrier comes down, electro sailers will be the leading cruisers and the passage times currently only achieved by the most extreme racers will be available without the extreme conditions that currently go with them. All this not by sailing faster, but by filling in the blanks with a reliable, quiet, odourless, and pollution-free electric motor.

In the spirit of fun and exploration, I've taken a leap into the future, and designed an Electro Sailer, called 2033 after its probable year of appearance. It's 43' on deck and developed in such a way that a prototype could be built today, but only at great expense. If solar development continues, it may be a standard for the future. To view the sketches and design proposal visit the Designs section of Duckworks and look for 43' Electro Sailer by Jeff Gilbert, or click HERE. I think you'll get a kick out of it. I'd be interested in any feedback as long as people realize my crystal ball could be a little cloudy.



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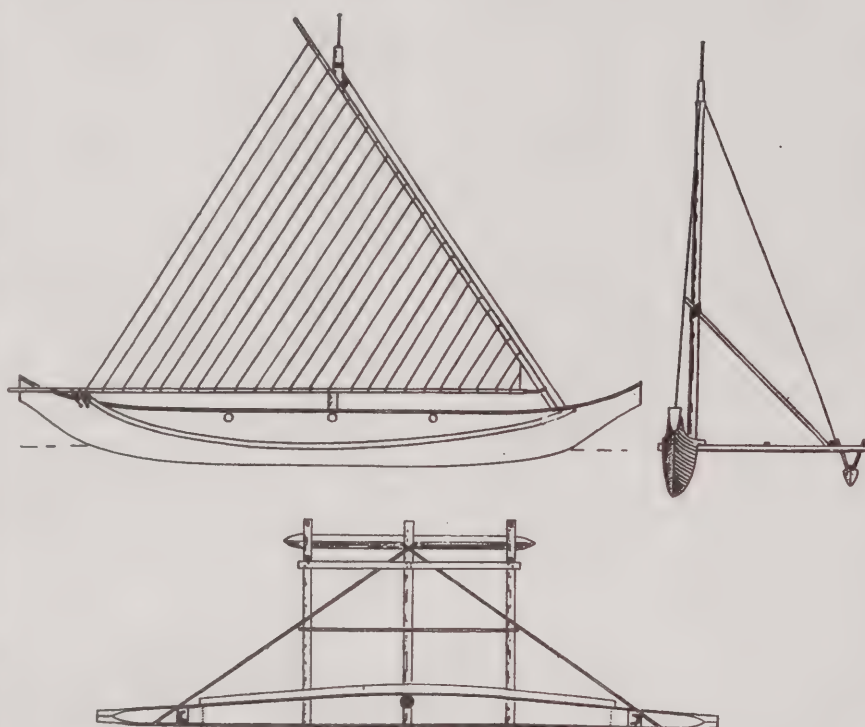
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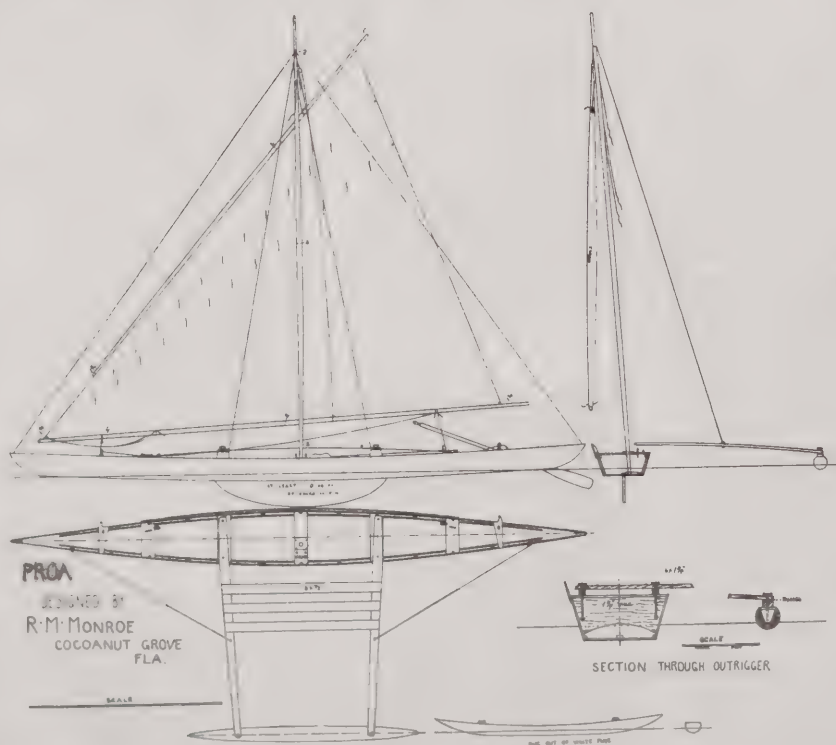
Bolger on Design

Proa Background

We define a proa as an outrigger boat with its ends alike, "tacking" by reversing ends and keeping the same side of the boat always to windward. The maneuver, which takes the place of tacking, is called shunting. Most of the Pacific Islanders' boats have dedicated bows and sterns. Many of them are catamarans, double canoes. The smaller ones commonly used a single stabilizing float, but the ones that were sailed had an extension of the outrigger on the other side and carried their rigs by live ballast hiking out on whichever side happened to be to windward. But in Micronesia, canoes that functioned like a modern proa were standard. Figure 1 is a copy of a drawing in an 18th century report by Lord Anson, a British officer, of a Marianas Islands canoe of a general type used all over Micronesia and called by Europeans, much impressed by their reaching speed, "Flying Proas." They were a Trade Winds type, mostly sailed from point to point in steady winds. They were steered with a big paddle at whichever end was the stern at the time.

Word of these craft got back to Europe by the early explorers back to Magellan. The word "proa" was in Webster's Dictionary, where it's said to be used in "the Malay Archipelago." Commodore Ralph Munroe quotes that in an 1898 article in *The Rudder*. Munroe was an exponent of shallow draft boats; he thought, as we think now, that deep draft boats made poor sense, especially in Florida where he lived, but also on the deep seas. It's his work that we're carrying on when we say now, as he showed over 100 years ago, "deep draft is obsolete." He was mainly interested in substantial cruisers and workboats, but he built the proa in Figure 2 as an experiment and for fun. Francis Herreshoff wrote (in 1947) that this was "probably the best design of a proa that is easy to build." Photos show that the simple shape did not keep it from sailing very fast. Munroe wrote "sailing is no name for it - flying is better."

I had this boat in mind when I was asked to outline a proa for the *Small Boat Journal*, but the 30' length seemed a lot for an experimental toy, and the rig and steering arrangements, which were practically those of the Micronesian example, precluded singlehanded and were a handful for two or more. To shunt her, the boom has to be topped up to the masthead while the tack is swung past the mast and made fast at the new bow. Meanwhile, the helmsman carries his steering paddle to the new stern, where he has to kneel on the lee side to control the paddle with heavy stress on both arms. We have to do better than that.



The proa concept for *SBJ* (Figures 3 and 4) is 19-1/2' by 10-1/2'. Note that the bottom plan view half-breadth and the profile rocker are matched, so that the chines of the box section hull lie on the lines of flow around the hull. The drag penalty of the simple shape is minimal, with the most buoyancy possible on the given breadth and depth.

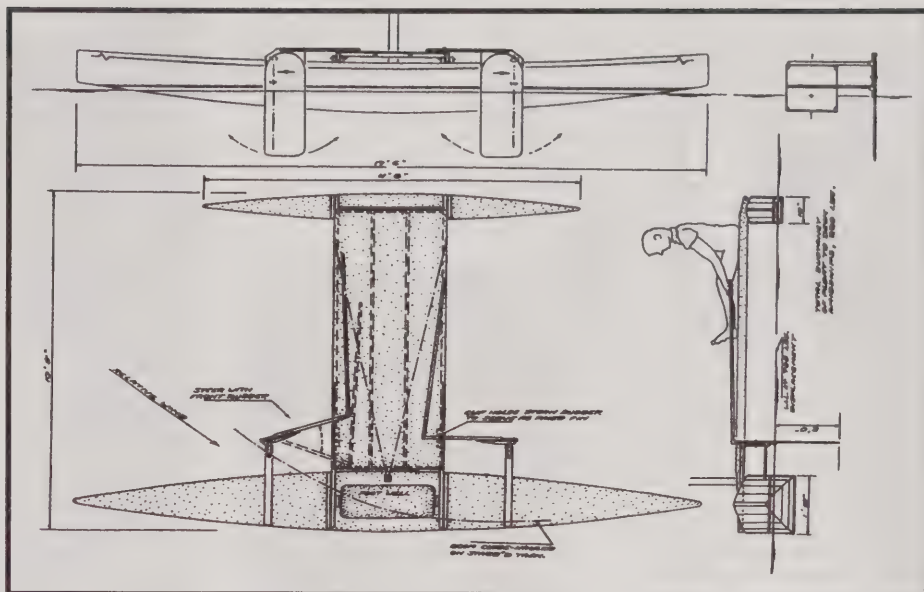
To make steering practical for a singlehander, I gave her two balanced rudders set well out clear of the weather side of the hull. The rear one was locked to form a fixed fin, steering the boat with the forward one on each board. The system worked but, as we'll show in the second installment of this discussion, we eventually had a better idea.

The sail was one I'd been experimenting with in another connection. We've been calling it the Christmas Tree rig and had designed a couple of monohull boats to use it (in these it was tacked like a squaresail, backing it around the forward side of the mast; the pivot axis of the sail was at the mast, so that it set like a balanced lugsail). It has permanently curved, inflexible battens and boom and is always carried with the same side to windward. In shunting the leading and trailing edges change places.

Sails like this have been used before, but the novel (as far as we know) feature of this one is that it pivots around the axis from the tack downhaul to the head of the sail. Four-fifths of the area is abaft the pivot axis so that it will feather reliably when the sheet is started. It does not pivot on the mast and is attached to the mast only by the halyard. On the sail plan (Figure 4), the boat is supposed to be sailing from right to left (left bow leading, since we're looking at her from the weather side); if the sheet was let run, the sail would feather on a line roughly where the batten length numbers are marked on the drawing. Shunting, the sail would be in the same profile position, but the tack downhaul and the sheet would swap functions and the pivot axis would be shifted to the opposite one fifth position, toward the new luff at the right hand edge.

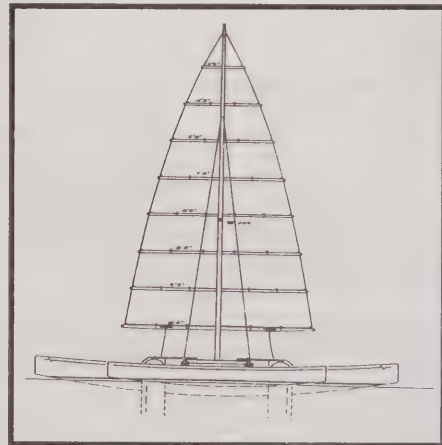
Joe Norwood of Fernandina Beach, Florida, was intrigued by the concept. He had been interested in proas in general, with several published papers on the subject. He built a boat closely based on the *SBJ* study, for some reason enlarging it slightly and adding the decorative end posts, but retaining the Christmas Tree rig. The boat was promptly dismasted, the forward pull of the downhaul as rigged in the proa having been underestimated. With a stiffer mast and improved staying it worked well, fast sailing and quick to shunt. Joe considered it an improvement over most, if not all, other proa rigs and, incidentally, found the super simple box section hull and float perfectly satisfactory.

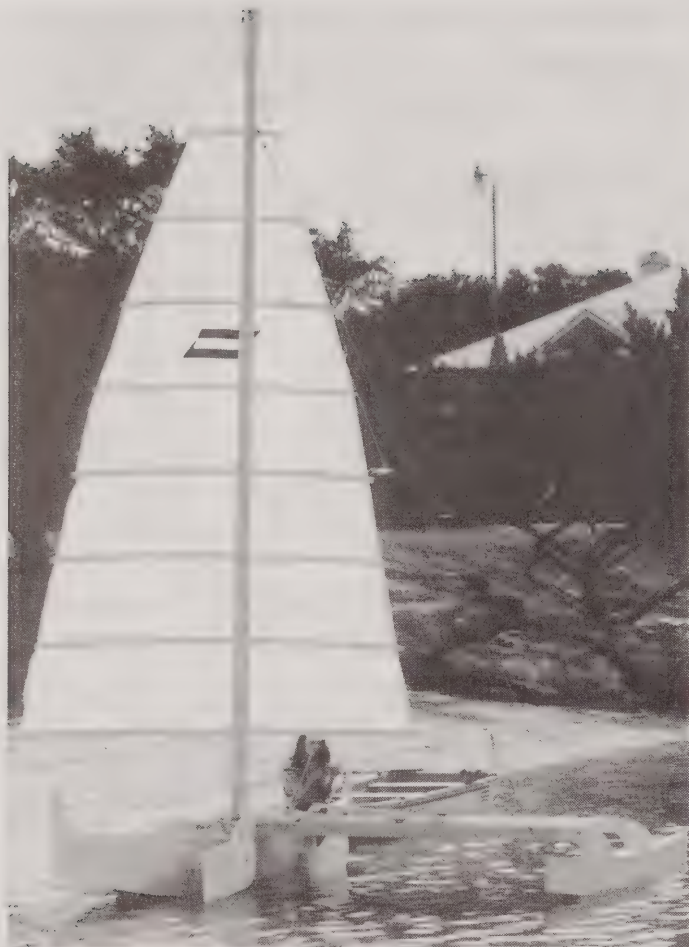
A second boat was built to the concept study by Vincent de Bode of Hillegon, Holland. He designed a different rig for it adapted from windsurfer rigs. Ironically, the geometry is like the original Micronesian type in that it is basically a lateen sail with the heel of the yard shifted from one end of the boat to the other in tacking. He hoped to go as fast as the sailboards, but though he went quite fast, the sharp rocker of the after bottom had increasing drag at the high speeds at which the board boat is skittering on her flat stern. He sailed her with the leading rudder locked,



steering with the trailing one, and on one occasion in very strong wind, at high speed, the leading rudder unlocked itself, turned 90 degrees and pitchpoled the boat with a spectacular crash. The rudder mounting bracket was damaged. This incident, plus the deluge of spray that the leading rudder threw over the outrigger platform, suggested that a re-think of the rudder/lateral plane arrangements was in order.

We were interested enough by these results to start a design for an improved version. We got a volunteer who promised to build it if we would produce working drawings, and in the next issue we'll show what we've given him to try.





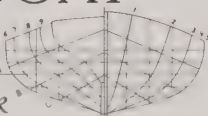
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I don't always understand it, but I am not very well-liked in most social circles. There are a lot of single individuals who don't like me either. Though the reason my social skills do not appeal to a lot of people is usually a mystery to me, sometimes I can figure it out. Just the other day I was crossing the street to go into the post office when I recognized an old classmate of mine going toward his car. He pulled this little doodad out of his pocket and pushed a little button. The car gave a little beep and all the doors and the gas hole unlocked themselves with a chorus of thunks, and then I heard the loud whine of an electric motor. I thought that the car (actually an SUV so tall that the headlights were about neck high) was trying to start itself and the Bendix wouldn't engage, but soon some little steps emerged from under the doors. I was so flabbergasted that I am afraid I might have let slip a hint of a guffaw.

It pissed this man off so bad that he chomped down on a little bag of pure nicotine that he was sucking on in an effort to stop smoking and got strangled and, in his efforts to breathe, inhaled the little bag of narcotic. Then he began to get red in the face and stagger around in the street and I had to grab him and perform the Heimlich maneuver. When I clamped down on his diaphragm, the little bag was expelled with such force that it hit a woman smack in the pocketbook. "I don't know what the hell y'all are up to," she declared, "but you better keep it to yourselves."

Anyway, what I am trying to say is that I am apt, by some unintentional oversight of propriety, to offend people. I have a standard disclaimer that I write as an introduction to any document that I sense might touch somebody near where they live and cause them to feel the need to retaliate. Here it is: "If you decide to sue me, remember, because of certain aspects of being in the boatbuilding business for over 40 years, I don't own a damn thing. If you decide to take it out on my ass, remember, you got to bring some to get some." So, with that, on to the engineers.

First thing, I have to say that I like engineers if they are likeable people. Engineers are like an ethnic group. It is bigotry to discriminate against them as a whole. I take them one at a time and I have carefully picked out some I like and associate with on a regular basis, hell, my family is overrun with them. One of my sisters married an electrical engineer, and when she brought him home he was sitting at the dinner table when my mother squeezed her lemon into her tea. "You know, Rodie," he declared, "that will work much better if you put the sugar in there before squeezing the lemon. That way the pH will be higher and all those hydrogen ions won't interfere with the absorption of the sugar." With that she reached over and squeezed a lemon into his tea.

This was an electrical engineer now, and that brings me to make a bigoted observation about the class as a whole, be they electrical, mechanical, chemical, civil, aeronautical, certified rocket scientist, or any other kind of engineer, they seem to think that, having gone to engineering school and getting certified in their specific field, their knowledge is universal. My mother wouldn't want a certified proctologist working on her cataracts, even if he did know how to wield a scalpel to deal with a hemorrhoid, and she didn't want an

Engineers as Boat Designers

By Robb White

electrical engineer messing with her iced tea, even if he did have his chemistry straight.

I guess they have schools that teach "Marine Engineering." In my day a marine engineer was the man who stayed down in the engine room and worked the valves and levers that gave, "ding, ding, full speed ahead, clang, clang, full speed astern," and had the wonderful little set of cold chisels with which he could carve out any wrung off stud in any kind of old piece of junk wore-out machinery. You know what kind of person I am talking about, somebody sort of kin to a locomotive engineer, a non-universally expert blue collar sort of person.

I guess these universally educated and certified style "engineers" have all learned how to operate a CAD (stands for "computer assisted design") program so miraculous that they can type in "draketail" and the thing will instantly spit out a blueprint 6' long with three views of the curlicue on the tail of a mallard. At that, he (or she, plenty of them, especially at Georgia Tech, they call them "rambling wrecks") will amend his entry to, "trooper's

island (no caps on a computer) draketail," and the next 6' will be a whole set of plans for a beautiful boat complete with a table of offsets accurate to a tenth of an inch (no engineer would use the old foolish system of eighths currently in use by ignorant boat designers).

Despite all that education and certification, engineers are not qualified to design boats. It is not that they squandered their youthful years listening to the pontifications of other engineers so they never learned anything but pedantry, it is simply that they don't recognize suction. I even think that deficiency is genetically determined. I believe the little, supposedly perfectly ignorant, newborn engineer lies on his mother's breast and says to himself, "There is no need for me to suck on this thing because there is no such thing as suction. I'll just save my strength and let atmospheric pressure feed me." Any fool, even a baby, knows that won't work, so the poor little thing who was so unfortunate as to have inherited the engineer gene winds up malnourished and has brain damage in the part of the brain (possibly the center) that causes intuition.

So, is it engineers who are designing all these ugly, inefficient, junkpile style boats that are eroding the banks of every waterway in America? Hell no, it's salesmen, and I'll touch on them at another time.



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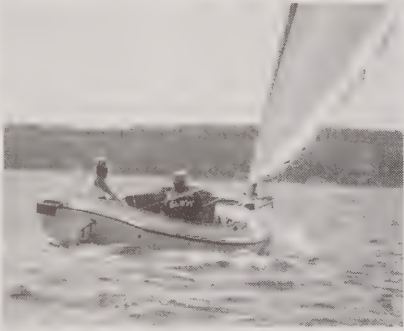


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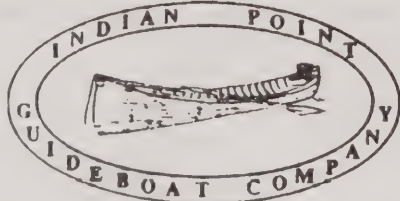
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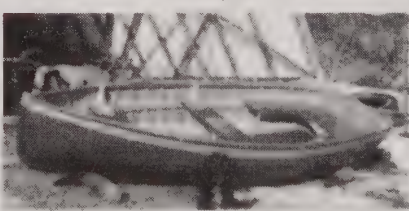
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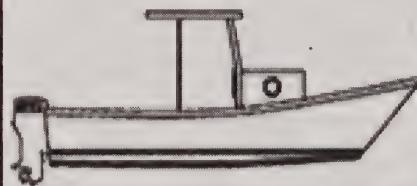
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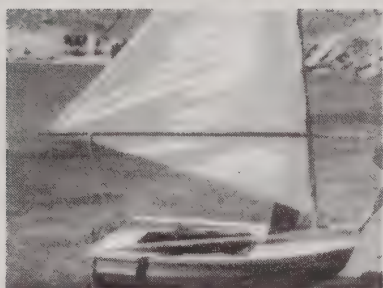
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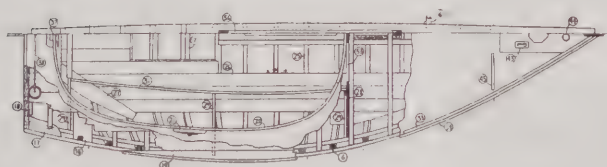
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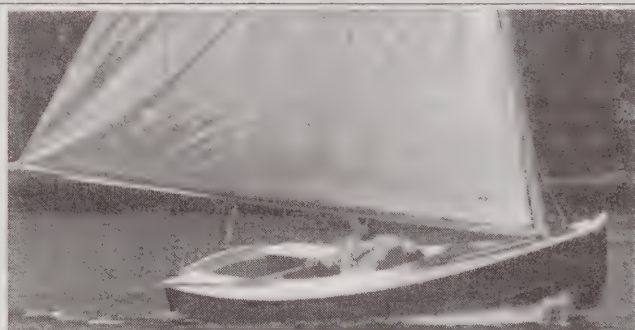
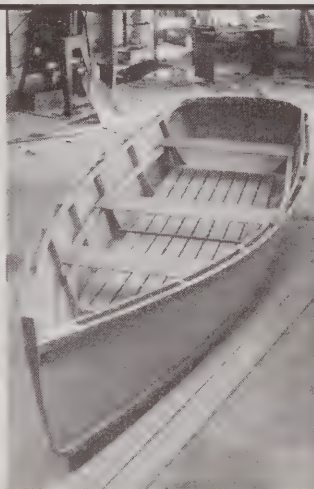
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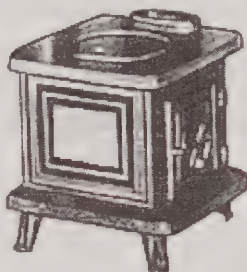
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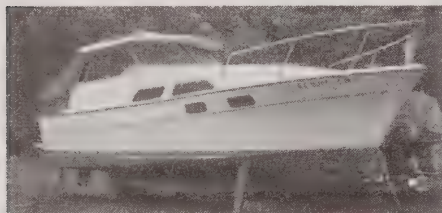
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11' Shellback Dinghy, Joel White's classic design. Mint cond, gear, sail, spoon oars. Reconditioned trlr. \$2,750.
H.K. MURDOCK, Colchester, VT, (802) 864-7715. (6)

1931 Klepper Frame, 16' 2-seater folding kayak w/paddles, sailing rig, carrying bags & boat cart. \$450.
LEONARD SATZ, Blackwood, NJ, (856) 227-5886. (6)



26' Bayliner Explorer, '80 fully restored & repowered. Lovingly maintained. Pilot house cabin cruiser w/semi displacement hull that cruises best @ 12-15mph @ a comfortable 1,800-2,200rpm. Beam 8', weight 5500lbs. Repowered w/new 190hp 4.3 liter V6 Mercruiser & new Mercruiser Alpha outdrive. Both have 90 hrs. New controls, gauges, 50gal gas tank, electrical system, batteries & cables, shore power system & breaker panel, hot water heater, pressurized water pump, bilge pump & blower, interior cushions & paneling, helm seat and side bench cushion. 2 burner electric/alcohol stove, electric refrigerator. Stand up head w/shower. Full cockpit mooring cover. Sleeps 5 in V berth, starboard berth & aft cabin. Digital depth sounder, Garmin GPS, Horizon Standard VHF. Extra prop. Teak & holly cabin sole. Teak restored & sealed w/Cetol. Barrier coated bottom & trim tabs. 2 Danforth anchors & rode. Winter cover & frame. Fuel consumption approx. 3gal/hr @ 2200rpm. Windows & ports resealed. Orig gelcoat in exc shape. Home location change from Long Island Sound to inland lake reluctantly forces sale. Asking \$16,000.
BOB GROESCHNER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354 8048, <karamaru@earthlink.net> (6)

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Acorn Dinghy, attractive 10'2" traditional design by Ian Oughtred. Blt '02 using 6mm marine ply & West System (tm) epoxy. White painted hull w/ teal interior & mahogany trim finished w/Cetol. \$1,750.
LARRY DOW, Eliot, ME, (207) 439-8488, <sailse32@aol.com> (6)

Double Kayak, epoxy FG composite. Western red cedar strips w/oak keel & gunwales. Darryl Graves designed as a "Fast, seaworthy double for long distance paddling", it has also served as a very stable first kayak for our family. Exc cond, lightly used. Dimensions 19' x 25", 75lbs. \$1,500 OBO. Photos @ www.vermontel.net/~tscody. Located southern Vermont.
TED CODY, Springfield, VT, (802) 885 8226. (6)



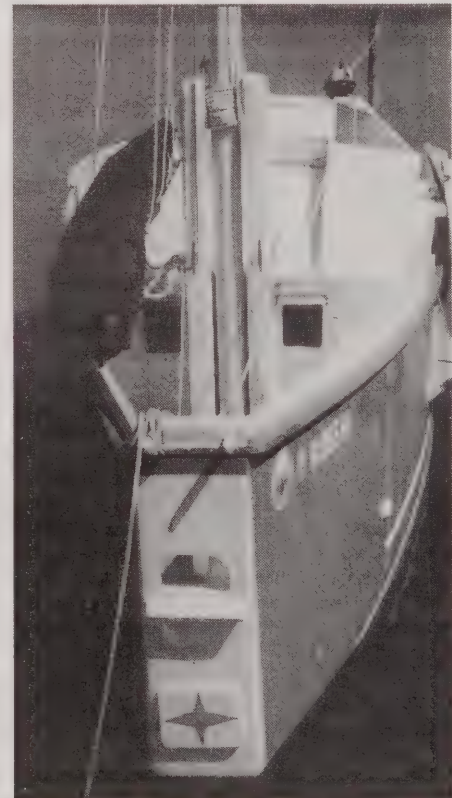
Saroca 16' Sailing Canoe, row or paddle as well. Tlr include. Both in gd cond. Owner in 70s, not in nimble cond. Boat in W. Falmouth, MA, owner in ME. \$950 OBO.
CHARLEY JONES, ME, (207) 784-2721. (6)



18' Former Patrol Boat, hvy guage welded alum, at mere fraction of replacement cost. \$5,000.
FERNALD'S, Rt.1A, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0312. (6)

18-1/2' Guide Model Wood/Canvas Canoe, gd cond. \$1,000. **16' Morris Wood Canvas Canoe**, gd cond. \$1,000. **12' Wood/Canvas Canoe**, gd cond. \$300. **25' '26 Old Town War Canoe**, gd cond. \$3,000. **Old Town Sliding Seat**, w/Old Town spoon oars. **13-1/2' Pintail Sailboat**, mooring cover, trlr. Gd cond. \$2,000.
GEORGE HASELTINE, 1240 Main St., Haverhill, MA 01830-1431, (978) 372-3417, (603) 253-7089, <GennieRose@webtv.net> (6)

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JON KNUDSON, Alburg, VT, (802) 796-3050, <jknud@surfglobal.net> (6)

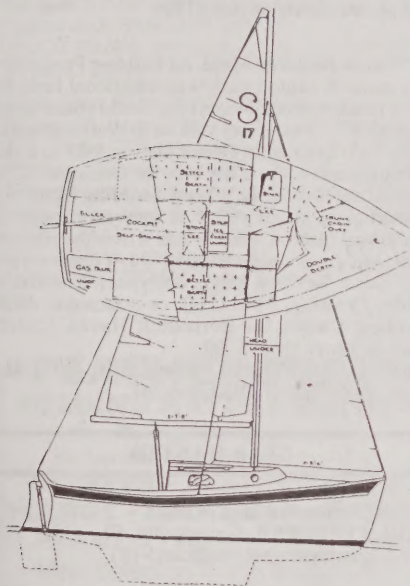


Martha Jane, '93 Bolger sharpie in VA, 23'6", 7" draft, grt cond, weatherly, perfectly balanced, sails original but vy well cut & in fine cond, roomy, firmly self righting, water ballasted (removable tank tops), aluminum mainmast, OB bracket allows open transom for swimmers, trlr new in '00. Many more upgrades. Serious inquiries only: \$5,500.
ED HAILE, Champlain, VA, (804) 443 4813. (6)



Chesapeake Deadrise, 32' x 10', built '89, Deltaville, VA. Hull in exc shape, cross planked bottom, strip planked from chine to rail, all about 1-1/2" thick, monel & stainless fastened. Volvo Penta (just rblt May, '02) w/280 outdrive. Small cuddy forward, pilot house aft, all open between. \$9,900 OBO.

NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267 6847, <nedcoz@aol.com> (5)



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JOE DITLER, San Diego, CA, (619) 435 0767, <josephditler@san.rr.com> (5)



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LEE ANDERSON, 50 Meadowlake, Lake Placid, FL 33852, (863) 699-2621. (5)



Chapelle Designed '69 CB Sloop, 22'6" x 7'6". Prof blt mahogany over white oak. Palmer 8hp IB compl rblt '01. Tabernacle mast, 2 sets sails new '02 & '03. Custom cover new '03. Custom tandem trlr w/brakes new '01. Boat compl refinished '03. Must sell for health reasons. 1st time offered. In water in exc cond. Asking \$23,000.

CHRISTIAN DAHL, Woodbury, MN, (651) 714-4311. (5)

'72 Bristol Sloop, 24' x 8' x 3'5" draft. 15hp Mariner OB ('95) in well. Incl GPS, butane gas burner, clock, radio, compass, etc. Domestic water, enclosed head. Slps 5. Hull buffed & waxed, bottom freshly painted. Grt cond, ready for launch. \$4,500.

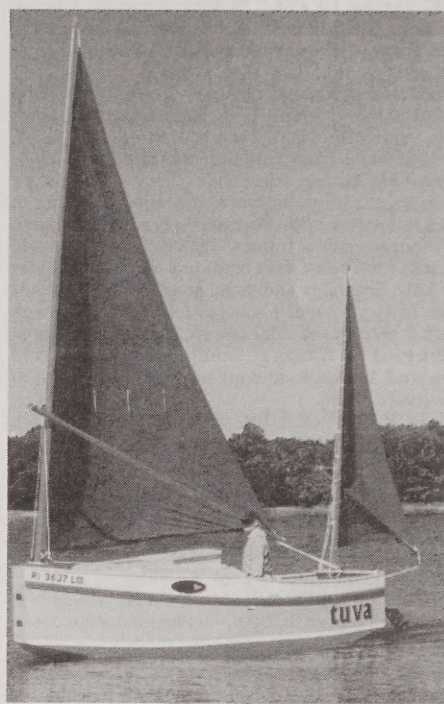
FRED EBINGER, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-7416. (5)

Bart Hawthaway Solo Canoes, Rushton 12', 30lb; pack canoe 11', 21lb. Both in exc cond w/dble paddles & backrests. Canoe advertised in *MAIB* pg17 April 15, 2003, now made by Cal Tek for \$1,400+. I will let them go for \$750 ea. Located in northeast Florida.

TONY FIORE, Palm Coast, FL, (386) 446-5519, <aafiore@hotmail.com> (5)

'78 Hobie Catamaran 14', hulls, tramp, rudders in gd shape; sails vy gd, have been kept out of the sun. Steel trlr w/plywood box. \$500.

TERSHER PALMER, 163 Goodman Rd., Ft. Ann, NY 12827, (518) 639 8593, <louis.palmer@castleton.edu> (5)



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JIM SAUERS, Port Orange, FL, (386) 787-4888 eves. (6)



'59 Lyman 19, rblt 109 Gray Marine, Shorelander trlr. \$1,500.

THOMAS SMEREKA, Grosse Isle, MI, (734) 676-4169. (6)

'67 Lyman 18' OB, '78 85hp Evinrude. Bimini, side curtains, aft cover & full mooring cover all in gd shape. New mahogany decks, new wiring & breaker board. New VHF radio & antenna, fish/depth finder, lighted compass, 12 volt plug in, hand held 12 volt spotlight, horn, bilge pump (boat takes on very little water, even at first of the season, seams have been filled on the bottom planks), boarding ladder, life jackets, fire extinguisher, paddle, etc. White hull w/red top stripe, blue bottom paint. Front windows open for a breeze in summer. Wooden window frames. Tan cushions, seats and backs for 4 seats. This boat runs like a champ thru a Lake Erie chop and looks great. Boat and motor are in vy gd cond. 11gal gas tank fwd, 3 gal tank aft. 2 batteries & dual switch. Trlr. This is a boat designed for fishing & family fun & it has served us well, but we're moving up. \$5,000. Located in northern Ohio.

GORDON BROLLIER, Hudson, OH, (330) 528 0116, <gbrollier@ofic.org> (5)

'86 Compac 16, w/partially rblt trailer, main & 2 jibs, 4hp OB, 75lb mushroom, chain, mooring & pickup buoys, PFDs, installed VHF, porta potti, storage frames & other gear. Slps 2. Shallow draft, but vy stable w/heavy keel. \$2,500.

ANDY UPDEGROVE, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631 3142 before 9:30pm, <updegrove@lgu.com> (5)

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FERNALD'S MARINE, 291 High Rd. (Rte 1A), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312.(TFP)

'88 Quickstep 24, 4 berths, set up for single handing, jiffy reefing main & roller furling jib. '98 Yamaha 8.8hp. Head w/holding tank & Y valve. Dodger, awning w/zip-on side curtains. Stove, icebox, sink, 20gal water tank. 2 anchors w/rödes, solar panel, depth sounder/speedometer, Garmin GPO-48 GPS, ICOM M1+ radio, Autohelm 2000 tiller-acting autopilot. '00 Walker Bay 8' dinghy. Dor-Mor 375# mooring anchor w/stainless chain/shackles/swivel. Located on Cape Cod. \$14,000. WARREN SHERBURNE, NH, (603) 863-6394 home, (603) 865-2480 office. (6)

18' LFH Buzzards Bay 14, '95, '45 LFH stretched 12-1/2. Awlgrip over FG. Micron Extra over i3000 barrier. Much Cetoled teak. Fish Class cuddy. 3 Hood sails, boom tent, dodger, sail covers, travel cover. '95 Triad trlr/SBs. '95 3.5hp Yamaha 2S. 12v/24v elect sys. w/24v 651b Minnkota. \$28K. GEORGE HAYCRAFT, Louisville, KY, (502) 426 0419. (6)

18' Lyman Islander, '54? 75hp Graymarine IB, 2 sidemount steering whls. Gd user boat or nice start for classic rebld. New Load-Rite trlr. \$5,000. ROB FINNIN, Silver Spring, MD, (301) 593-8862, please lv message.(6)

21' Fenwick Williams Catboat, '65, cedar on oak, bronze fastened. Laid teak decks & cockpit, new bunks, sole & lockers below. Volvo 16hp Diesel rblt. VHF, exc sail, gd cond. \$16,000. W. MURPHY, Kingston, NH, (603) 642-7489. (6)

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STEVEN ROSSI, East Haddam, CT, (860) 873-2999. (6)

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JOHN FISKE, Prides Crossing, MA, (978) 921 5220, <johnfiske@attbi.com> (6)

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Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)



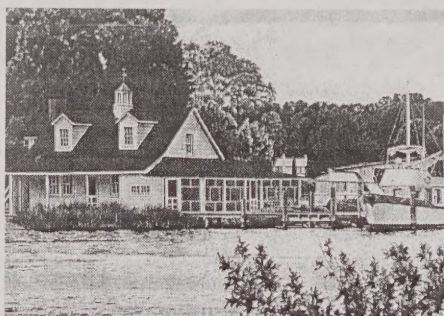
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PAUL LEFEBVRE, Gainesville, FL, (352) 376 4977, <lefebvre@bellsouth.net> (5)

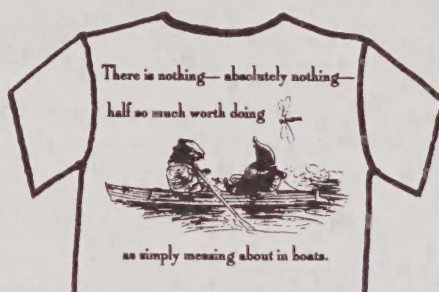
"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.
EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)

Magazines, *Rusty Rudder/Rudder* winter '90 to present, 43 issues \$50 plus shipping. *The Brass Bell*, winter '89 to present, 41 issues \$50 plus shipping. *WoodenBoat* #52 \$6, and 30 issues starting with #136 to present \$30 plus shipping. *Boat Design Quarterly* #8 \$8. *Classic Boating* compl set \$250 plus shipping.
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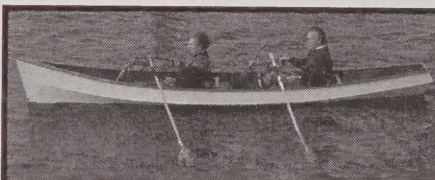
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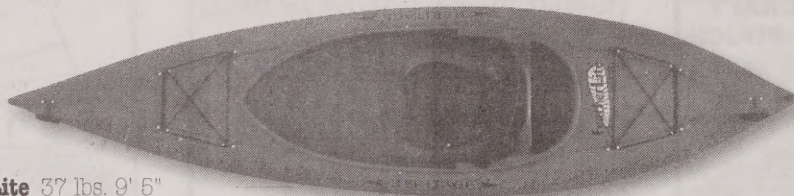
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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

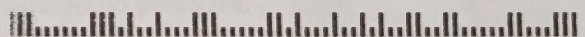
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